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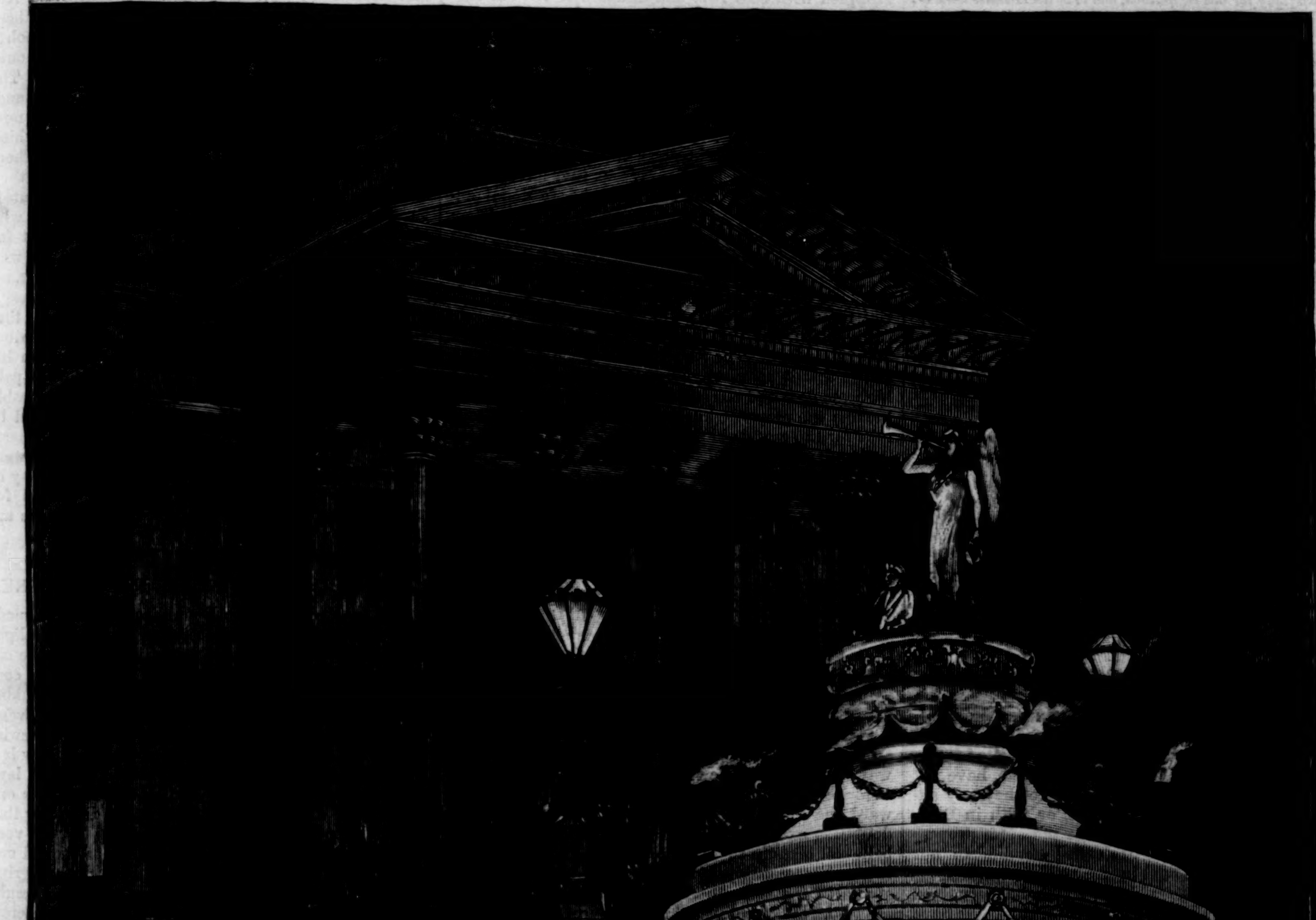


THE CINCINNATI FÊTE—THE GRAND PROCESSION OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 583.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 15, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* Harper's Weekly *dated September* 1] *that they* "*are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever.*" *Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "*offer to young American artists,*" *the* Messrs. Harper *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A., Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A., *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* Harper & Brothers', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $500; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $500; *one page* Harper's Young People, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to* "*the prosecution of art study,*" *etc.*

Franklin Square, New York, September 8, 1883.

REPUBLICAN DUTY.

As Mr. Sherman S. Rogers well suggests in his admirable letter upon the Republican situation, the protest of last year was not a riot, it was a revolution. The Republicans who would not vote for Mr. Folger, or who voted for Mr. Cleveland, have not joined the Democratic party, nor have they any admiration for Democratic traditions or faith in Democratic reform. But they do not therefore propose to sustain everything that is called Republican, nor to hold themselves bound by the action of an illegitimate majority. The methods which have enabled the late bosses to control the party in this State have been those of disfranchisement and fraud. How completely they belied the party was shown by the defeat of Messrs. Conkling and Platt in the same Legislature which in the very height of the boss supremacy had made Mr. Platt the colleague of Mr. Conkling. The sentiment of the party hostile to the debased and debasing politics represented by those Senators expressed itself so emphatically and sternly that a machine majority did not dare to defy it, and many an unwilling slave of the machine was delighted to be emancipated from its degrading control. As Mr. Rogers plainly and quietly says, if the condition of Republican success is boss supremacy and methods, that success is highly improbable. If, on the contrary, the Republican party shows itself to be as firmly resolved to abolish machine politics and methods as it was to exclude slavery from the Territories and to maintain the Union unconditionally, its success is assured.

The Democratic party counts for success upon the discredit of those methods and men in the Republican party which the Republican party has in great part discarded. The Democratic press gratefully extols Mr. Conkling as the greatest and best of Republicans because it knows that it was what Mr. Conkling represented which weakened the Republican party, and made Democratic success probable. The overthrow and repudiation by the party of that kind of management, the independence of the caucus, the submission of the machine in New York to the free primary, the enforced retirement of Mr. John F. Smyth from the chairmanship of the State Committee, the establishment of the reformed civil service system, the prohibition of political assessments, and the prodigious protest of last year's election, in which Republicans by inaction permitted an unprecedented Democratic victory, are all signs of a Republican revival which has only to be developed to restore to the party its old prestige, and its hold of the heart of the intelligent and industrious "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln used to call the great mass of citizens who make this country what it is. It is only necessary that the feeling and purpose shown during the last year or two should be allowed to mould the action of the party. The history of that time shows that passivity and evasion will not secure victory. The country has reached a point where the Republican party need not tell what it has done, but say what it means to do. The Democratic party does not profess to have a policy. Its plan is to keep silence. It fears that a declaration of principles and a policy upon actual questions would breed factions and imperil a success desirable for the plunder of place, and nothing more. It takes no ground upon the tariff, none upon civil service reform. It skulks and shuffles, and hopes to slip into power unobserved, under cover of a cry of Republican rascality.

The way to meet this conduct is to show to the country that the courage and independence which have grappled with boss rule and disabled it are but earnests of a party purpose. To the Democratic negative campaign the Republicans must oppose a positive campaign of reform. If there are no other great questions upon which parties may divide in their appeal to the country, let the Republicans make reform of administrative and political and party methods their battle-cry. Let them rely in their platform declarations and in their measures and nominations upon the popular intelligence and courage, as they have shown themselves during the last two years. Professional politicians, and especially bosses, despise the people. They believe in bribery and selfishness and ignorance, but they are utterly incredulous of public spirit and independent intelligence as springs of political action. They are constantly put in the wrong by experience. But they do not heed. They offer any excuse, any explanation, but the true one, which is self-respect and patriotism. The record of the Republican party shows that it has always been strong when it had a high purpose and confidence in the people. When it became the prey of tricks, and "regularity," and hurrahs for the grand old party without the spirit to keep it grand, it began to decline. But it has shown the will and the power of recuperation. Let the Convention of this year prove to the State and to the country that it is again, as in its earlier day, and under the new conditions, the party of political progress and reform.

MONEY AT ELECTIONS.

The letters recently published requesting money from the Republican National Committee during the campaign of 1880 are such as the records of all parties would supply, and they have furnished a text for many excellent articles upon the use of money at elections. There is nothing in the letters which suggests an illegitimate use of money. But such misuse is always suspected. The story of Mr. Tilden's "bar'l" is notorious, and while the sums that he contributed toward the expenses of his own campaign have been doubtless exaggerated, the story of the "bar'l" was believed, because there is no question that there is an increasing tendency to nominate candidates who are "able to contribute liberally to the expenses of the election," and to use the money corruptly. In New York, Democratic candidates for the bench are reported, and are universally believed, to have been assessed enormous sums by the Democratic party managers, and to have paid them. That the money was honestly devoted to the honest expenses of the election, nobody believes. Great sums have been collected by both parties from their office-holders. In the *Life* of General Dix, just published, are letters written by him, when he was Postmaster of New York, protesting against the Democratic assessment levied upon his clerks, and we have seen similar letters written under the Whig *régime*, when Hugh Maxwell was Collector of the Port. In the autobiography of Thurlow Weed there is an extraordinary story of the dispatch of money to Albany to affect an election forty years ago; and such a statement as the following, which we take from a recently published letter, is so familiar as not to be in the least surprising, and is, indeed, accepted as a recognized method in politics. The writer is speaking of the factional fight in the Democratic party:

> "Mr. Flower will, it is said, furnish any funds which may be necessary for the success of the movement at the primary meetings, and in securing delegates of the right stamp. The freedom with which the barrel was tapped at Syracuse may be taken as an indication of the way this campaign will be conducted, if a triumph seems likely to be won. It is rumored that money has already been sent into two counties, to assist in procuring the election of anti-Manning delegates."

The corruption here suggested has been the practice of all parties, and happily public opinion is beginning to correct it. The stringent legal prohibition of political assessments upon office-holders is largely due to the exposure of Mr. Jay Hubbell's performances two years ago. Yet Mr. Hubbell merely did more efficiently what all parties authorized and approved. The press everywhere took the matter up, and no journals were more emphatic in their denunciations than the Republican. The country, upon the plain presentation of the outrageous practice, resolved that that particular abuse should cease, and it has been effectually checked. Nowhere was it more vicious than in Pennsylvania. Within two years we published in these columns the insolent letter of the chairman of the State Committee of Pennsylvania to a postmaster, threatening to report him to his superior officer if he did not instantly pay the sum demanded. The Committee's circular this year states that the Committee is compelled to call upon the friends of the Republican cause for the necessary funds, that the laws of the State and of the United States prohibiting assessments shall be faithfully observed, and that it asks of the recipient of the circular as a Republican citizen for such contribution only as he feels that he can and ought to make.

Here is one of the most monstrous abuses of practical politics, the correction of which has been begun by its exposure and the consequent demand of public sentiment, and all within two years. This simple fact should show the most skeptical that every reasonable reform of the kind is possible, and that there is nothing more contemptible than the "pooh! pooh!" of what are called practical politicians. But it should do much more than this, and it will do more. The same public sentiment which has effectually demanded the prohibition of political assessments will now require a plain statement of the objects to which the money raised for "campaigns" is devoted. There are many necessary expenses of elections. But they are of a kind which are familiar and readily computed. In every county there are plenty of persons who know how much money can be honestly spent for printing, for carriage-hire, for meetings, etc., and who will not be deceived by false charges. Cheating, indeed, can not be abolished by law, but in this case it can be reduced to its lowest terms. It is stated that Mr. Tilden gave a check for $20,000 as his contribution to the National Committee of his party in his Presidential campaign, and that General Butler paid largely in Massachusetts last year. It is desirable upon the highest public grounds that it should be known whether such sums are used to corrupt voters; and when the whole amount collected is ten or twenty times twenty thousand dollars, the desirability of publicity is increased. The time has arrived for knowing the manner in which election moneys are expended.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES IN NEW YORK.

The new plan for the Republican primaries made by the Committee of Eighteen was found, in the light of the new law regulating primaries, to leave the old situation absolutely unchanged. The new plan contemplated the voting at the primary of any Republican who was entitled to be enrolled after the November election. But it left the old machine otherwise untouched. It now appears that under the new law nobody but the members of an association can lawfully vote at a primary. As this exclusion was one of the chief abuses to be reformed, the discovery that the new arrangement did not reform it was very amusing. For a moment it seemed that the old machine would be obliged to resume its course, and grind out the same old grist of delegates. As such a result, under all the circumstances, was equivalent to defeat at the polls, the situation was perplexing. But the machine leaders or lieutenants hastened to the rescue. Mr. O'Brien proposed that the associations should summarily amend their constitution to the effect that all Republicans who voted the Republican ticket at the last Presidential election, whether they are enrolled in the associations or not, should be permitted to vote at the primaries.

This amendment will probably be adopted by the necessary number of associations, so that every voter who in 1880 voted for the Republican electors, or, if then absent or too young, who intends to act with the party at the election of this year, and who will engage not to take part during the year in the primaries or caucuses of any other organization, may vote at the Republican primaries in the city this year. This is as liberal a provision as is now possible. But the original error lay in the failure to provide for the immediate disbanding of the associations. The machine system rests in great part upon them. While they exist in their present form they discredit and obstruct all action, and as their dissolution is necessary, the reorganization, which has been plainly indispensable ever since the catastrophe of last autumn, should have been effected in time to permit the dissolution. That omission, however, can not now be repaired, and although it is not evident that many Republicans who have been hitherto disfranchised at the primaries will now vote, the barrier has been removed so far as voting is concerned.

The action of the late machine in removing the barrier, like the reported remarks of Mr. John F. Smyth in declining to be a candidate for the chairmanship of the State Committee, shows that the results of the last year's election have been blessed to the machine. It has discovered that Republican voters are not "cattle" to be driven, and although the chastened machine may secretly doubt whether the new organization and its leaders will carry the State, it must be sure that they can not lose it so overwhelmingly as the machine lost it in 1882. Meanwhile, the machine must be aware that if the primaries turn out the old machine men, it will be evident that harmony is in great danger of postponement.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The question of competitive examinations for promotion in the civil service is now under consideration by the Commission, and it is one of the most important of their inquiries. It is stated that Mr. Eaton and Postmaster-General Gresham have no doubt that the reform bill provides for promotion by such examination. The national bill, however, is not explicit upon the subject. But the New York State bill says, plainly, "Promotions from the lower grades to the higher shall be on the basis of merit and competition," and the context shows that the word "competition" is intended to mean competitive examination. The provision, however, of "merit *and* competition" as plainly intends that merit, or the record of actual service, shall be taken equally into the account. This, indeed, is only reasonable, because the object of the competitive examination for admission to the service is to frustrate mere favoritism as well as to ascertain comparative fitness, while actual fitness is ascertained by probation. Once admitted to the service, the daily discharge of duty by an employé is a constant competition and probation; and the superior officer, it is assumed, in an office from which political influence over appointment is excluded, will naturally desire to place the best and most efficient men in the higher and more important positions.

It is, however, urged, and not without reason, that as the superior officers are appointed at pleasure, they may promote by favor, and that at present, when the service has been filled by favor, there could be no guarantee that unfit men would not be promoted, and for unworthy reasons. This was doubtless the consideration which led the framers of the bill to provide for competition. But this does not affect the important fact that the peculiar kind of merit which should insure promotion in the grades of the same class of employment is determined by actual service or probation rather than by a fixed examination, and this fact requires that in computing the results of examination very great weight should be given to the record of service. Indeed, a daily register or record of service in every office would be of the utmost value in settling relative claims to promotion upon the ground of merit.

The remarks upon promotion made by the Commission appointed two or three years ago to inquire into the operation of the reformed system in England are very sensible, and well worthy consideration as the result of great experience. It is unquestionable that in the English service incompetent men have been promoted, upon what Mr. Ewald calls "the sickening claims of seniority," simply to the display of their own inefficiency, and the discouragement of all below them. In the English service the alternative for promotion is seniority or merit, and the Commission emphatically prefer merit:

> "We think [they say] that in the public service *promotion should depend solely upon merit.* The public offices are now divided into classes, and promotion consists in the removal from an inferior to a superior class as vacancies arise in the latter. It is the practice in several public offices to take the list of clerks in order of seniority, and to promote the first man who is stated to be not unfit for promotion. Although this plan is undoubtedly an improvement upon promotion by mere seniority, it is nevertheless, in our opinion, open to serious objection. Promotion should be a stimulus to merit. *A man should be promoted, not because those above him are unfit, but because he is the best man for the place.* If this course is pursued, no man is branded as unfit, and it would not at all follow that the senior man passed over for one promotion might not be the fittest man for the next. It is urged, however, by many that promotion by merit would in many cases degenerate into promotion by favoritism. No doubt this is possible if heads of departments, setting aside justice, are so foolish as to prefer comparative inefficiency to the best service and assistance they can get. But the alternative lies between seniority and selection, and we have no hesitation, both in the interest of the public service and of the public servants themselves, in strongly recommending that the latter system should be followed. *The greatest possible publicity should be given to all promotions, and the partiality of individual judgment should be guarded against by the heads of departments calling into council the officers responsible for the work of the clerks from among whom promotion is to be made.*"

THE VIOLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

It is to be hoped that something more is necessary to warrant the desecration of Shakespeare's grave than the consent of the vicar of Stratford. That extraordinary personage, according to the telegraphic report, has authorized the exhumation of the dust of the poet in order to compare the bust that stands above the grave with the skull. The suggestion was made by Dr. Ingleby, of London, who is a life trustee of the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-upon-Avon, who wished to photograph his face and to take a cast of his skull.

There is a grotesque absurdity in the proposition which makes it almost incredible, and ought to be conclusive to prevent the desecration. It is hardly possible that an intelligent man, such as the vicar of Stratford must be presumed to be, would wish to be branded with everlasting contumely as the man who not only defied the melodious curse of Shakespeare, but outraged the enlightened taste and feeling of the English-speaking race, and it is not surprising that the bishop and the local authorities have protested.

The alleged object of the proposed removal is ludicrous. Shakespeare has been buried for 267 years. There is a type of head and face which, in all its diversity, is universally accepted as his. The authentic correction of any faults in that likeness is now impossible, and even if the skull exists unchanged, any variation of form from the received head would be unimportant. Nothing but a most morbid curiosity could be gratified by the violation of the grave, and the good sense of England should prevent such an outrage.

Meanwhile it is but fair to believe that the vicar of Stratford has been maligned, or, if not, to await his own defense of his remarkable conduct in granting a permission which was refused with emphasis by the authorities of the Church to Miss Delia Bacon some years ago when she sought to "dig the dust encloased here" in order to aid, by possible discoveries, her famous contention that Bacon was Shakespeare.

THE CROWN OF FRANCE.

The tenacity of the old Bourbon royal claim in France is not greater than that of the Stuarts in England. King Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and a century later, in 1745, the rising for the Pretender took place in Scotland, which was finally defeated at Culloden in 1746. It was in 1793 that King Louis XVI. was executed in France, and it was only in 1830 that his brother Charles X. ceased to reign. Since then the empire of the second Napoleon has risen and vanished. France has not lost the habit of monarchy, even if it has lost the taste for it, and the union of the elder and younger royal line in the grandson of Louis Philippe brings forward some of the ablest and most sagacious of French politicians. The legitimist or royal party, from being the most feeble and chimerical of all parties in France, has now become one of the most intelligent, practical, and powerful.

The claim of the united French Bourbon line, however, can be attacked at one point. The Spanish Bourbon may make trouble. The Orleans family descends from a younger brother of Louis XIV., but the Spanish Bourbons spring from Louis XIV. himself. This direct line, however, upon obtaining the Spanish crown in 1713, absolutely and forever renounced all claim whatever to the French throne. But as the direct line, by the abrogation of the salic law, has been deprived of the Spanish crown, which was the consideration of the renunciation, it is supposed that Don Carlos, its representative, may yet pretend to the French sceptre.

This is the fly in the ointment of the grandson of Louis Philippe, because a certain number of the French legitimists do not forget that he is also the great-grandson of the Duke of Orleans who voted for the execution of his cousin, Louis XVI. No crime could be more dreadful, no stain upon a royal hand more indelible, and this party would favor the claim of Don Carlos. But the Orleanists have proved themselves to be patriots, and there is little probability of a revolutionary plot or manifesto from them. They will doubtless hold themselves in reserve as a possible resource in a day of trouble.

PERSONAL.

Appreciation of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's *Anne* does not seem to diminish with the lapse of weeks. Our latest foreign mail brings us a long review in the London *Life*, which nevertheless regrets that it has not room "to vindicate the high opinion which we have formed of this novel by copious extracts and comments. To say that Miss Woolson is never incoherent, never obscure, and, with all her uncommon power of producing highly finished pictures of persons and of things, never tedious, would be to give her only half her due. Her pages teem with ripe wisdom and with ready wit. All her characters, down even to the most subordinate, have a distinct individuality. Style, that excellent quality for which English readers in general care so little that it is neglected with impunity by the modern English novelist—style, the passport to immortality, is among the striking merits of Miss Woolson's latest work." So great is the popularity of this novel in England that several editions of it have been sold, and a new one is about to be issued by the London publishers.

—Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the distinguished historian of the Pacific States, has issued an interesting souvenir of the recent Bancroft Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar in San Francisco. Its handsome title-page is engraved on steel to show a gallant knight in suit of mail and fully armed riding a magnificent charger, and its contents are photographs of the building that holds Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's vast historical library, and of the publishing house of A. L. Bancroft & Co., the façade almost entirely covered by picturesque decorations representing the doings and the insignia of the knights.

—The Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational church in Montclair, New Jersey, has issued a circular with the following announcement: "It has been thought advisable by the many friends of our pastor to purchase for him a tricycle, and the Young Ladies' Missionary Society has been requested to take the matter in charge, and have the machine in readiness for him upon his return." The price of the tricycle will be $160, and its object is "to enable the pastor to reach his widely scattered parishioners more easily."

—Mary Anderson's opinions about some well-known actors have been considered worthy of a cable dispatch from London. Irving, she says, is a great artist, but his drawl jars on an American; Miss Terry will surely please "our people"; Edwin Booth stands alone, and is above criticism; Joseph Jefferson is another incomparable. As to Miss Anderson herself the London critics exhibit commendable discrimination. They seem to recognize the facts that she is a bright, ambitious, and prepossessing young woman, of excellent reputation and moderate educational advantages, who means well, and who may become an interesting actress, but is not a dramatic genius.

—Moncure D. Conway has been travelling in a Pullman car across this continent. "I entered upon the long journey," he says, "with dismal forebodings. I had just listened to Oscar Wilde, who spoke of the dusty desolations of this journey of days and nights, of the monotony of the scenery, of the meals, so called. I am bound to say I never had a pleasanter journey. Everybody becomes harmonized here. Even the conductors look on at the whist-players, and flirt a little with the ladies intrusted to their care. The officials become communicative, the children make friends all around, and by the second evening each sleeping-car has become, as it were, a little hotel parlor filled with friends apparently on a picnic."

—Mr. George Ticknor Curtis writes: "The publication of the *Life of James Buchanan* was followed within a week by an amount of criticism such as I do not remember to have seen bestowed on any similar book in the same space of time. I was much gratified by the extent of the interest that appears to be taken in the work and its subject. For what was complimentary to the author I feel grateful; to what imputed literary fault or short-coming I trust I have been suitably attentive; for what assailed me in a bad spirit no one will expect me to care."

—The portrait of Mr. Tilden, lent by himself to the Louisville Exhibition, is described by a correspondent as representing "that venerable statesman in the full glow of health and spirits. His cheeks are ruddy and rounded, his figure is upright, his eye is shining with youthful hope and animation, and altogether it is the perfect picture of the muscular and glorified Tilden recently made known by the graphic pen of Mr. Watterson. It was through the persuasion of that editor that the sage of Greystone at last consented to send his likeness, and it is at this shrine that the loyal Kentuckian first pays his *devoirs*."

—A writer in the *Contemporary Review* speaks of the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral as the finest piece of commemorative sculpture which has ever been done by an Englishman. It is unfinished, because the money to cast its chief figure is begrudged by the nation. Accordingly it lies in a side chapel, though designed to stand in the middle of the nave. "The truth is, we don't know an artist when we have got one; we let him make fire-places for a living, and die a broken-hearted bankrupt, and when he is dead we grudge to his memory even that poor justice which would complete the work of his genius; and whilst we jingle in our pockets the few pounds which our stinginess has saved us, we think we are an artistic nation and a pattern to mankind." The artist was Alfred Stevens.

—It now appears that during the late war in the Transvaal the leaders of the Boers detested Lord Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere, but fell in love with Sir Evelyn Wood from the very first, and did not conceal their admiration for him. Sir Evelyn has long had the credit of being in the good graces of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie, and at present his cup must be full.

—One of Edgar Allan Poe's French critics has traced a resemblance between the poet and some of his creations, similar to that usually supposed to exist between Lord Byron and such characters as Childe Harold and Manfred, and notes especially Poe's resemblance to his "Man of the Crowd," whose peculiarity was that he could not remain alone, but must have somebody to talk to.

—The father of Franz Liszt, the pianist, was a steward to Prince Esterhazy in a small village of Hungary; his mother was the daughter of an artisan, and possessed a kind heart and a pious soul. Her early religious teachings are said to have greatly influenced her son, even to the present time. At six years of age the boy Franz was taught by his father to play on the piano, and was seen to point with admiration to a picture of Beethoven which hung on the wall, and to express a desire to be like him. At the age of nine years he played in public, and was pronounced a wonder.

—"The games of children," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "are handed on by a private and unbroken tradition of their own. A very interesting book, *Games and Songs of American Children*, by Mr. W. W. Newell (Harpers, New York) proves not only that American children inherit old English rhymes and rounds, but that the old English rhymes are practically European, and have their parallels among most nations on the Continent. Mr. Newell's book is full of the blossoms of legends."

—The American school-boy sees no objection whatever to the course of the Paris Municipal Council in making a grant of $7000 for the purpose of sending a certain number of pupils from each high school on a foreign tour for the improvement of their minds.

—The latest infant prince of the German royal family having been baptized in water brought directly from the Jordan by his papa, has the satisfaction of squealing in a cradle of carved oak one hundred and six years old. Most mothers would prefer a fresher bed for their darlings.

—Wagner's wife still refuses to see visitors, and the house where she lives, and where Wagner used to entertain his friends, has the appearance of being closed, although the great composer's grave in the garden close by has become a place of public resort. The grand theatre which he built is situated on a hill in the outskirts of Baireuth, and surrounded by well-kept lawns and by secluded groves of fir-trees.

—It is claimed that Queen Victoria has not forgotten the exhortation of the Duke of Wellington, "Never let the command of the army out of your family, madam, if there is any one of age to hold it." But the old soldier's caution does not count for much in a country ruled by a House of Commons.

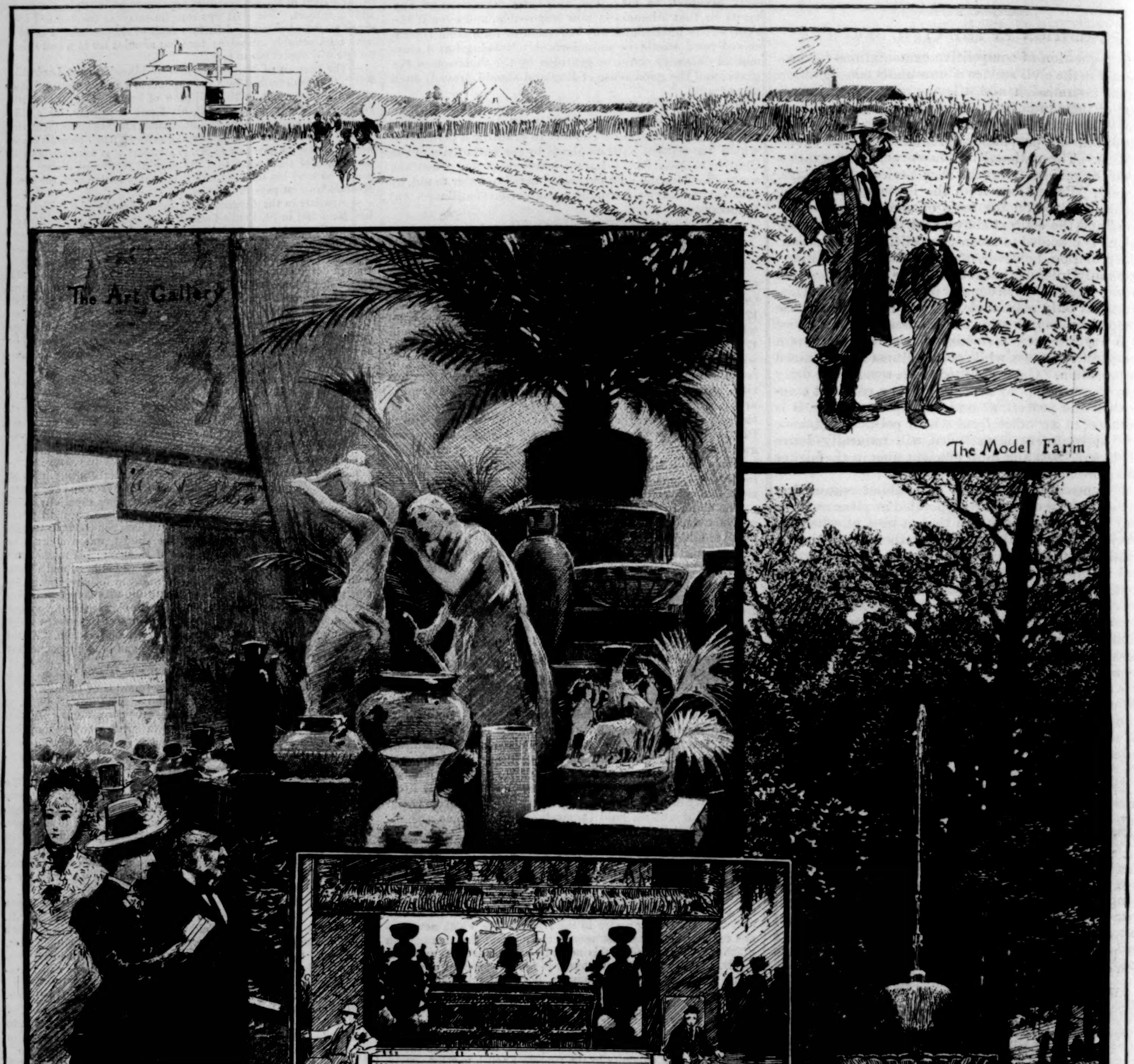
—The art of translation, observes a reviewer, has become very fashionable in our generation. Instead of the old school cribs, done in the shabbiest way, and with the lowest views, by ignorant or unsuccessful creatures on the outskirts of scholardom, we have now the most prominent professors and fellows of colleges and school-masters essaying themselves in this field. Some content themselves with turning classical prose authors into idiomatic and lucid English; others are more ambitious, and appear as poets for the purpose of reproducing the poetry of another age and tongue. Mr. Whitelaw, the most recent translator of Sophocles, says, "It is, I believe, increasingly felt that a good translation is a commentary of the best kind."

—The feeling against the Jesuits in England in the early part of the seventeenth century has been set in a fresh light by many curious details collected by Mr. Henry Foley. He has found a certain caricature in which the King of England is represented as holding the Pope's nose to a grindstone, while the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London turn the handle rapidly, to the quick lessening of that facial feature. He mentions a bill brought into Parliament to compel the Catholics to wear a red hat or party-colored stockings, so as to be hooted at whenever they appeared in public.

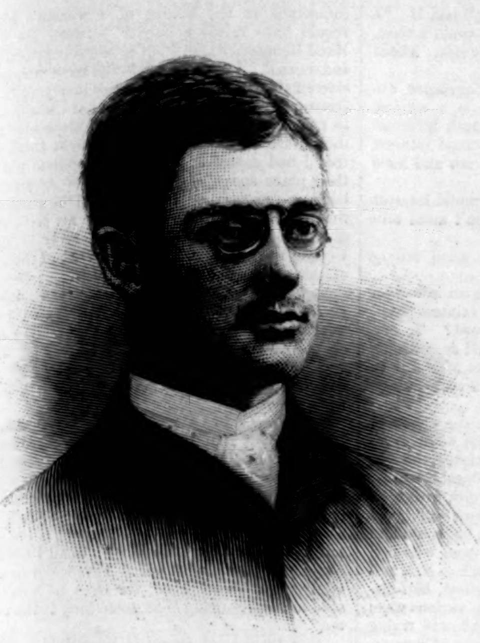
—A clergyman relates that a lady recently told him that honey was good for stings, and, in fact, "for most things, because it is extracted from all the different kinds of herbs," and so must contain all the virtues of the same.

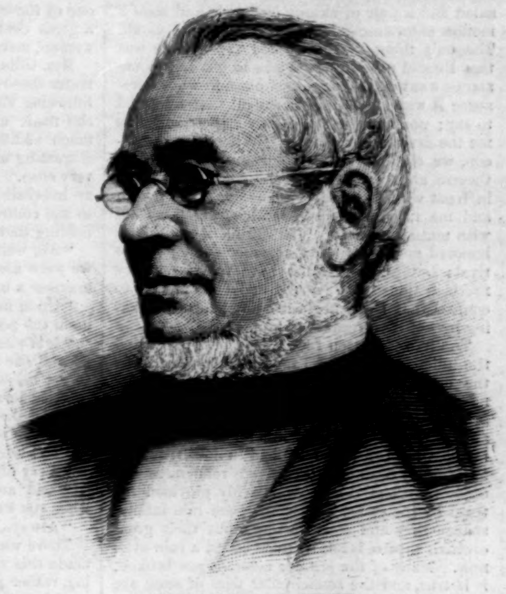
—A new *Complete Letter-Writer*, in which occur models of all sorts of possible epistolary communications, has been given to the public. Two of the models concern the needs of a young lady who has received a proposal of marriage from a widower. If she has decided to accept his proposal, she assures him that he was entirely correct in supposing that "I have been very much interested in you and in your sweet children"; but if she has determined to refuse him, she expresses her sorrow "that the friendly interest I have taken in you and in your dear little children" should have been misconstrued as something tenderer.

—The African slave-trade is still active in Mozambique Channel. The British vessel which has gone thither to suppress it captured recently a small craft of sixty-three tons, on board of which one hundred and three miserable, half-starved wretches, eighty of them women and children, were packed like sardines. One old woman, who had a baby with her, became insane after her removal. The British officers ordered the fire-hose to be played indiscriminately on them all every morning in the interest of cleanliness. One hundred and twenty pounds of rice, treacle, and sweet-potatoes were cooked together. When the poor creatures saw the food, they went into it hands and feet, each fighting and biting another in the struggle to get as much as possible.


The Art Gallery
The Model Farm
Entrance to the Art Gallery
In the Park
The Electric Railway

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 590.]


R. D. SEARS, THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 587.]


THE LATE A. V. STOUT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAORMINA.

A WORLDLY-WISE old lady, who deals in epigrammatic axioms, said to me, the other day, "A woman who wants to have admirers, and keep them, should take care never to finish her sentences." This art—if art it be—was undoubtedly one of which Lady Constance Milner possessed the secret. In her words and actions there was a dash of the mysterious, an apparent inconsequence, which stimulated curiosity, and led people who might not otherwise have felt any absorbing interest in her to dog her footsteps in a somewhat undignified manner. When a lady is your intimate friend one day, turns you away from her door the next, and crosses the street on the third to make a rendezvous with you, she naturally presents herself to you in the light of a problem; and if you are a person of orderly mind, you do not like to pass problems by without making at least an attempt to solve them.

This was what I said to myself as I rode through the gates of Catania in the early morning. I wanted to know what it all meant; I had a perfectly legitimate desire to hear the answer to the riddle. The simple explanation that Lady Constance liked admirers, and knew how to secure them, was not one that recommended itself to me at that unsuspecting age. Only I felt it necessary to my mental satisfaction that I should be able to give myself a distinct reason for what I was doing; because, upon the face of it, it did seem rather absurd that I should have risen from my bed with the lark and set off on a twenty-mile ride in order to keep an appointment which, as I very well knew, Lady Constance, for her part, was quite capable of forgetting.

I would not, however, allow my mind to dwell on the latter painful possibility; I preferred to take it for granted that all would happen for the best in the best of worlds. The small patch of the world over which I was riding on that clear spring morning was, indeed, lovely enough to put the most relentless pessimist to silence. The sun's rays fell aslant upon the white high-road, upon the ripening corn fields, upon the dark green glossy leaves and golden fruit of the orange groves; but in the folds of the hills the morning mists still lingered, drawing a pale blue gauze over the chestnut woods, above which towered the shaggy shoulders and glistening snows of Ætna. The black-browed Sicilian peasants—a merry, stunted, half-starved race, bearing in their persons the mark of centuries of misrule, and upon their faces no symptom of any discontent therewith—threw me a familiar *buon giorno* as I jogged along; every now and again one of the gayly painted carts peculiar to the island rattled past me, or a bare-legged boy, driving his herd of goats before him and blowing his shrill pipe, as in the days of old Theocritus, paused to lift a pair of startled brown eyes upon the stranger. The azure Mediterranean, heaving sleepily, made murmurings among the rocks and headlands where Acis wooed Galatea, where Polyphemus pastured his flocks, and where, as I am told, the shriek of the railway engine is now to be heard several times a day. At that time there was no talk of railways, nor perhaps much knowledge of their existence, in Sicily. The ancient classic island seemed to have been forgotten by our bustling century; and in the soft, sensuous repose of those early hours one could almost expect to

> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

My route lay along the highway to Messina, which skirted the coast, and which would have been a pleasanter road to travel if it had not been quite so stony and dusty. I was only able to quit it when my journey was nearly at an end, and when I turned aside to scale the heights upon which the village of Taormina stands. My rough little pony had not struck me as a very promising mount when I hired him; but he accomplished his six or seven miles an hour without inconveniencing himself, and the consequence was that I reached my destination long before noon. I stabled my horse, and, seating myself under the veranda of the inn, looked out upon a view of which readers shall be spared any detailed description. Taormina, with its red-roofed houses, its tall campanile, and its ruined Saracenic keep in the foreground, the blue sea and the silvery fringe of the bay far beneath, the shadowy lines of the woods and hills in the middle distance, and, far away, Ætna rising snow-crowned against the sky, a white plume of smoke drifting from his cone—many readers, doubtless, have seen these things for themselves. Others, who have not seen them, would perhaps prefer to get on with the story, and take their vicarious enjoyment of scenery from more skillful pens than mine. I suppose that the view from the terrace at Taormina is the most beautiful view in the world. It is, at all events, the most beautiful that has come within the range of my experience, which has not been a limited one.

I sat gazing at this marvellous prospect for an hour or so; and then, I regret to say that it began to pall upon me. I was hot, I was tired, I was hungry, and when the sun had reached a point directly above my head I became wrathful into the bargain. In vain I strained my ears and my eyes; there was not the faintest indication of approaching travellers, and the only crumb of consolation that I could discover to set against the bitterness of my disappointment was in the thought that at least George Warren need never know what an ass I had made of myself. However, just as I had given up all hope, and had made up my mind to go in-doors and devour any food that I could lay hands upon, a scrambling noise as of hoofs made itself heard, and immediately the imposing figure of Antonio, astride upon a donkey, appeared on the stony track beneath me. Behind him three more figures, similarly mounted, came into view, one by one: first Mr. Sotheran, holding up a white sun-umbrella, and mopping his manly brow; then Mrs. Gilbert, a pretty little brunette, who was believed to have a husband in India, or some other remote spot; finally, Lady Constance herself, yawning as usual.

Mr. Sotheran dismounted slowly, shook hands with me, and then directed attention to the landscape before him with a circular sweep of his arm, as who should say, "Very creditable indeed." If he had not been rather out of breath, he might even have put this sentiment into words; for it was his conviction that the entire continent of Europe was a sort of show got up, with more or less of success, for the benefit of British tourists. He was a large, heavy man of about fifty, with a broad, ruminating countenance, iron-gray whiskers, a pompous manner, and a white waistcoat. At that moment he was suffering a good deal from the heat.

Mrs. Gilbert, who affected a childish vivacity of manner which, if I remember rightly, went out of fashion at about the same time as ringlets, clapped her hands, and informed me that she felt as if she were in heaven. She really must get out her sketch-book at once. "Now, Mr. Maxwell, will you find me some nice shady place from which I shall be able to see *everything!*"

"I don't know what other people may be going to do," Lady Constance said, "but I don't mean to stir from this spot until I have had something to eat."

To which Mr. Sotheran replied, cordially: "Just so, Lady Constance, just so. I quite agree with you."

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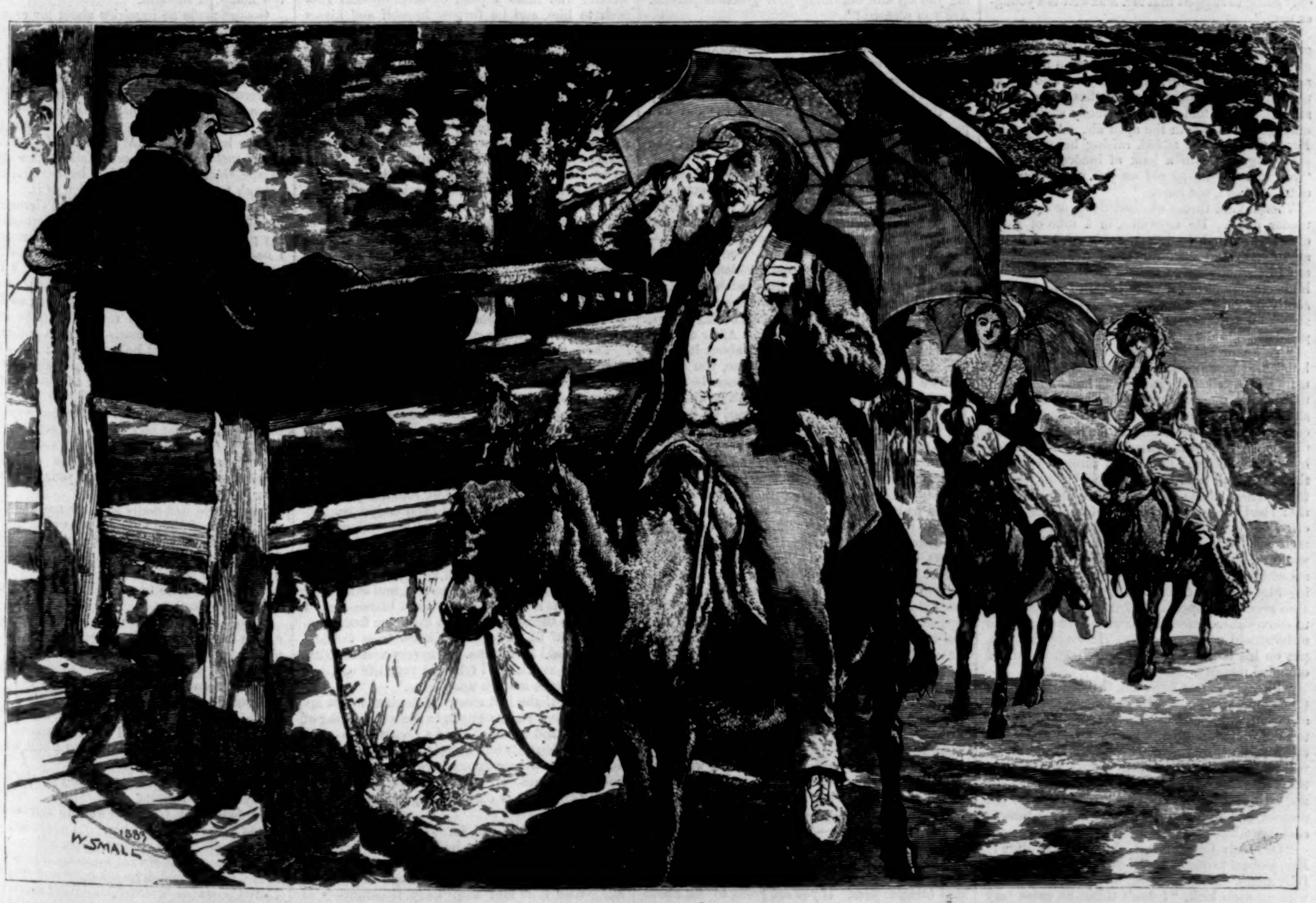
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.



"HOLDING UP A WHITE SUN-UMBRELLA, AND MOPPING HIS MANLY BROW."

So Antonio unpacked the luncheon basket, and the people from the inn brought us out wine and salad and a pair of skinny chickens, and soon a mellow calm descended upon the souls of us all. The only thing that disturbed me a little was that I could not see how I was to get Lady Constance away from her companions, in whose presence it was impossible to say all that I wanted to say; nor was she apparently disposed to give me the desired opportunity. When, after luncheon, we climbed up to the ruins of the Greek theatre above the village, she chose to walk on in front with Mrs. Gilbert, leaving Mr. Sotheran and me to entertain one another, which we did with mutual ill-will. I don't think Mr. Sotheran honored me so far as to consider me a possible rival; but he must often have found me very much in the way at Naples, and I am bound to confess that I had neglected no chance of making myself disagreeable to him.

The half-forgotten race which once colonized the hill-promontory of Taurominium were surely the envy of their more famous and wealthy neighbors on the sea-board. Dwelling on those serene heights, secured by nature against attack, and removed from the din and bustle of commerce, what can they have had to do through all their sunny days but to cultivate refinement and enjoy the good things so lavishly provided for them by the gods? They are gone into infinite space—they and their history; but their great open-air theatre is hardly to be called a ruin even now. Many of the slender columns are broken, it is true, and the semicircular tiers of seats are overgrown with grass and wild flowers and brushwood; but that clear, dry atmosphere has preserved the brick-work and the chiselling of the capitals almost intact, and imagination is called upon for no great effort to see the building as it used to be before Vandal, Saracen, and Norman came to disturb the old world's peace.

Standing upon what had been the topmost row of places, with the glittering Straits of Messina at his back, and the panorama of sea, plain, and mountain, closed in by Ætna, before him, Mr. Sotheran cleared his voice, referred to his guide-book, and said what the occasion appeared to call for. Nobody paid much attention to the historical sketch with which he was so kind as to favor us; but when he wound up by observing, "These constructions must have possessed remarkable acoustic properties; it is difficult to understand how an audience seated where we are now can have heard the voices of the actors on the stage—" when, I say, he reached this point in his discourse, Lady Constance broke in upon him with a certain animation.

"Very difficult indeed," she said. "In fact, I can hardly believe such a thing possible. Suppose we were to test it? Won't you just go down to the stage, Mr. Sotheran, and recite something? And then, when you have done, we can tell you whether you were audible or not."

Mr. Sotheran made an ugly face. "I should be delighted," he said; "but—well, the distance is considerable, and after having climbed up here once—"

"But nothing obliges you to climb up here again."

"No, no; of course not; very true. I was only going to suggest that Mr. Maxwell is a younger man."

"Mr. Maxwell," answered Lady Constance, gravely, "is quite incapable of recitation. Probably he has never made so much as an after-dinner speech in his life; whereas you, who are in the habit of addressing large bodies of your constituents, must understand perfectly well how to manage your voice in the open air. And surely, Mr. Sotheran," she added, raising her eyes and surveying him with a look of innocent wonder, "you can not be so old as you make yourself out. At least, not infirm."

This unkind thrust touched the poor man in a tender place. He answered, in a tone of some displeasure, that he had not intended to imply anything of that sort, and set off, without making any further objections, to obey orders. We heard him scrambling down from ledge to ledge; presently he emerged upon the grass-grown stage, struck an attitude, and in a stentorian bellow began Hamlet's soliloquy.

"To be, or not to be?" he shouted. I don't know that he was more ridiculous than any other man, with a tall white hat in one hand and a sun-umbrella in the other, would have been in such a situation, but it must be supposed that the incongruity of the spectacle was too much for Lady Constance, for she appeared to be quite overcome by it. She allowed him to get through three or four lines, and then broke into peal after peal of the heartiest, most unrestrained laughter—a thing that I had never known her do before in the whole course of our acquaintance. Her merriment infected me so that I too burst into a loud guffaw, while pretty little Mrs. Gilbert lowered her parasol and tittered behind it, without, perhaps, knowing very well what the joke was. The "remarkable acoustic properties" of the ruin did not fail to convey these cheerful sounds to the ears of the unfortunate spouter below. He stopped short, put on his hat, and stalked away with an air of offended majesty.

"Please go after him, Mrs. Gilbert," said Lady Constance, as soon as she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak. "The proper place for you to take your sketch from is the castle; and if you will say something civil to poor Mr. Sotheran he will fetch water, and rub your paints, and do anything else that may be required of him. As for me, I think I had better stay where I am for the present, and follow you when he has had time to cool down."

"Oh, Lady Constance, I should never dare!" Mrs. Gilbert protested. "I am sure he is dreadfully angry. And, besides," added the little lady, with an arch look, "I don't think he cares very much about hearing civil words from *me*."

"That," replied Lady Constance, composedly, "is a question about which there may be two opinions. My own belief is that Mr. Sotheran is one of those deplorably wicked persons who care a great deal about civil words from any pretty woman, married or single."

Mrs. Gilbert, with a little scream, declared that, under these circumstances, she couldn't think of following Mr. Sotheran. Notwithstanding which she made up her mind to run the risk without much additional persuasion, and departed, after entreating us to come and interrupt the *tête-à-tête* very soon. Mrs. Gilbert considered herself to be an irresistible flirt, and, for anything that I know to the contrary, may have had good grounds for holding that opinion.

"Ah, well!" said Lady Constance, as soon as we were alone, "it was very amusing. Did you ever see a man look such a stupendous fool?"

"Upon my word, I think you were rather hard upon the poor beggar," I could not help saying.

"It is wholesome discipline for him to be laughed at," she answered, calmly. "Also, I wanted to get rid of him, and there was no hope of doing that in any other way than by offending him. I shall make friends with him again this evening."

"You often do want to get rid of people, don't you?" I asked.

"Very often."

"And are they always ready to come back when you want to make friends with them again?"

"Always."

There was a quiet smile upon her lips, as she made this statement, that provoked me into saying, rather rudely, "Well, I know one man who would very soon get tired of being slapped in the face."

"Then why should he expose himself to the risk of such an indignity?"

"If I exposed myself to it, it was not intentionally, I can assure you," cried I. "How could I guess that, after allowing me to spend the best part of every day with you at Naples, you would refuse to receive me at Palermo?"

"Mr. Maxwell," said Lady Constance, turning her head toward me and looking at me from beneath her drooped eyelids, "do I owe you any account of my actions?"

"Yes," I answered, boldly; "I think you do. One doesn't pick up friends and throw them away without giving a reason for it. I never asked for your friendship—"

"Indeed?" she interrupted. "I was under the impression that you had asked for it rather imperatively."

"Well, at all events, you gave it to me; and I want to know why you withdrew it so suddenly."

"If there is anything else you would like to know," said Lady Constance, "I hope you will kindly mention it. Once for all, Mr. Maxwell, if you really care about my friendship, you must be content to take me as I am, and not to catechise me. Nothing is so wearisome as explanations; and with the best will in the world, I should often find it difficult to explain my conduct. For the matter of that, I doubt whether you could always give a rational account of your own, if called upon. Now shall I tell you something that will put you in high good-humor? When I found that you had left Palermo in a huff, I organized this expedition for the express purpose of catching you up and obtaining your gracious pardon. Are you pleased?"

Truth compels me to state that I was ridiculously pleased, and doubtless my speaking countenance expressed as much to my companion; for she remarked, with a slight laugh: "Ah, I thought that would be satisfactory. Satisfactory for the moment, I mean; because the day will probably come when you will know me better, and will regret very much that I didn't let you go about your business."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" I asked.

"Should I have said it if I had expected you to believe it? No; I don't expect you to believe it. Who ever believes the truth? It is the one incredible thing—the one unattainable thing—the one thing worth living for! You and I both worship truth in our different fashions, and neither of us will ever do more than catch a glimpse of it; but you are more fortunate than I, because you will probably be satisfied with seeing a part, whereas I want to see the whole. After all, perhaps the best way is not to think about it. We are sitting up here in the sunshine, you and I, and we are alive now, and shall soon be dead: that, at any rate, is a truth that can't be disputed. In a few years we shall have turned to dust, as the people who built this theatre two thousand years ago and more have turned to dust; and then all our thoughts perish. Why can't we take life as I told you just now to take my friendship, without asking tiresome questions about it?"

She had dropped these sentences one by one, with a pause between each, gazing dreamily at the distant hills, and evidently only putting fragments of what was passing in her mind into words. I could not quite follow her; I was unable to fill up the blanks; I certainly was not conscious of having ever asked myself questions, tiresome or otherwise, about the meaning of life. But it was pleasant to lie there in the still, warm air and listen to her.

"Let us enjoy the fleeting hour," she went on; "it won't last long. To descend to details, you will be trotting back to Catania before the sun sets, and I shall be discussing politics with Mr. Sotheran, and pretending to believe that he knows what he is talking about."

Her words, and still more her tone, were full of flattering inferences. At times I was a little afraid of Lady Constance; but at this moment I felt that I might say anything to her; and what I said was, "I hope—I do most earnestly hope that you won't marry that man Sotheran."

"I also hope that I shall not," she answered, coolly; "but one can't tell what events the future may bring to pass. If you are going to talk about Mr. Sotheran, I am afraid I shall not enjoy the fleeting hour at all."

"I don't want to talk about him," said I. "I don't want to think about him. I would a thousand times rather talk about anybody else. About you, for instance."

"About me?" repeated Lady Constance, abstractedly. "Well, to be sure, it is a subject upon which you haven't acquired much information as yet. I wonder whether it would interest you to hear a little more of what I am and have been?"

"I can't conceive anything that would interest me more," I exclaimed. "You don't mind telling me, do you?"

"No," she answered; "I don't mind telling you."

Was it imagination, or was there an inflection of tenderness in her voice, and the faintest possible emphasis laid upon the last word? To me, at all events, it appeared that I could detect some such change of tone; and the effect of it was to make my heart beat, and my breath come and go more quickly.

It was the story of her life that she began to relate; a story not differing in the main from that with which I was already acquainted, though, as was but natural, somewhat differently told; the story of an eager, enthusiastic girl, with high aspirations, with unsatisfied yearnings, with great powers of which she was conscious, but could find no means of exercising; of a husband who had died young, yet had lived long enough to chill and disappoint her; the story of a restless, half-disenchanted woman, who had tried in various ways to set a crooked world straight, and was trying still, though no longer with much hope of success. She spoke with a good deal of earnestness; sometimes with a touch of emotion. It was a singular autobiography and confession that she unfolded as she sat there among the ruins in the mellow sunlight—an appeal for sympathy; a sort of creed; a vague system of philosophy—I don't know what strange jumble of ambition and benevolence and cynicism and superstition. I can not recall all that she said; probably, if I could, it would not be worth recalling. What I can recall as vividly as though the experience were one of yesterday is the extraordinary impression that it produced upon me. What I can recall is that while she was talking a new Lady Constance seemed to become revealed to me, and that with that revelation came the further, and, as it appeared to me, the terrible one that all my heart and soul had passed into her power. What I do recall with humiliation and shame is, that when she ceased speaking I caught her cool white hand and pressed it fervently to my lips. I knew what I was doing; I knew that I was false to Maud, false to my duty, false to myself; but I did it all the same. And to this day I believe that I did it in obedience to a force which I was powerless to resist.

All this, I have no doubt, sounds sufficiently fanciful and exaggerated. Treacheries such as that to which I have just been obliged to plead guilty are of daily occurrence, and, upon the whole, most people are disposed to contemplate them with a lenient smile. A young fellow who has plighted his troth to a girl hundreds of miles away finds himself, on a sunny afternoon, in the midst of exquisite scenery, alone with a handsome woman who talks a pack of metaphysical rubbish to him, and he forgets himself and kisses her hand. Of course he ought not to do such things; but human nature is human nature, and we were all young once, and what is the use of making mountains out of mole-hills? Nevertheless, I do not pass among my friends for a fanciful man. I say that in making that mute declaration to Lady Constance I felt as morally degraded as if I had forged a check; and when I assert that in thus degrading myself I was moved by an overpowering influence which I can not define, I believe I am keeping strictly within the domain of facts. Mesmerism and electro-biology are facts, I suppose. No one, at this time of day, will dispute the capacity possessed by certain men and women of imposing their will upon others. Whether Lady Constance Milner imposed her will upon me that day voluntarily or involuntarily I can not feel certain; but that some influence out of the common was brought to bear upon me I am firmly convinced.

There was no need for any words to pass between us. I said nothing, and she, for her part, only looked at me—a trifle compassionately, as I thought—and remarked, "Ah! I warned you of what would happen." And then Mr. Sotheran, accompanied by Mrs. Gilbert, appeared in the arena beneath us, and shouted out that it was high time to start.

"I suppose you will let me come and see you at Palermo *now?*" I said, as we rose and prepared to scramble down from that fatal eminence.

Lady Constance had resumed her ordinary demeanor. "Oh yes, if you like," she answered, indifferently. "That is, of course. Why should you not come?" But when we had accomplished about half the descent she paused, and said, in an altered tone: "Blame fate; don't blame me. I have done the best I could to keep you from coming to grief like this; but I knew from the first that it would be useless. The very first day that I saw you at Alassio I felt that your life was destined to make a mark upon mine."

So that, if she had electro-biologized me, it appeared that I had unwittingly done something of the same kind to her. I had a dreary little laugh over the absurdity of the notion as I followed her down to the grassy spot where Mrs. Gilbert and her sketch-book were waiting for us, Mr. Sotheran having carried his offended dignity away to the inn.

But when I had said farewell to the company at Giardini, where they had left their carriage, and had turned my horse's head once more toward Catania, I did not feel inclined to laugh at all. Was I in love with Lady Constance? I could not have answered the question any more than I could have said why so insignificant a circumstance as the kissing of a woman's hand should have raised a barrier between me and Maud Dennison which I felt to be insurmountable and eternal. I don't remember to have once considered the possibility of my ever marrying Lady Constance; all that I knew was that I was bound to her, that she would be able to dispose of me thenceforth in any way that she might think fit, that I had destroyed all my old hopes to put in their place something that was not so much a hope as a necessity. In spite of all the warnings that I had received, in spite of all my self-confidence, I had been captured as surely as ever Ulysses was captured by Circe. When I thought of this I almost hated Lady Constance; though the next moment I reflected that, after all, it was no fault of hers. Since I had parted with my self-respect for her sake, surely the least I could do was to try and preserve my respect for her; and, indeed, she had given me no reason to accuse her of having made me her slave out of mere wantonness.

I rode back to Catania in such a condition of bewilderment that there were moments when I almost doubted my own identity; and if anything could have added to my wretchedness it would have been the sight of George Warren standing in front of the hotel and anxiously awaiting my arrival. "Gracious goodness!" thought I to myself, "what is to be done now? Shall I tell the truth, or let him find it out? Find it out he certainly must before long; for even he won't be able to help noticing that something is the matter."

As it turned out, however, he noticed nothing. He ran down the steps to me with the beaming countenance of one who bears glad tidings, and began to tell me his news before I was out of the saddle. "There's a letter for you from Mr. Le Marchant; and I have heard too. He wants us to go back to England at once. It seems that there are likely to be vacancies in the diplomatic service very soon, and he thinks you ought to lose no time in putting yourself in the hands of a crammer. I came on here to tell you about it; and if we start to-morrow morning, we shall be in plenty of time to catch the next steamer from Palermo to Marseilles."

George was radiant. I asked him why this sudden curtailment of our journey gave him so much pleasure, and he replied that he supposed everybody was glad to go home. Years afterward I heard that he had taken upon himself to write to my uncle, advising my removal from the peril of Lady Constance's enchantments, and that this excellent pretext for our recall, coming just in the nick of time, had gladdened his honest heart more than any prospect of embracing his multitudinous brothers and sisters again would have done.

As for me, I was certainly not glad to be going home, for the bare thought of meeting Maud made my heart turn cold; and yet I was by no means sorry to be leaving Sicily. Not that I had the least hope that change of scene would effect any change of mind in me, but I felt that it would be a relief to get away, and accustom myself to the altered order of things. "However despicable a creature one may be, one can't be off with the old love and on with the new in the course of a few hours," I thought.

George made no inquiries about my excursion to Taormina, nor did I think it necessary to tell him what he had probably divined already, that I had met Lady Constance there. We had other things to do and talk about; we had our packing to accomplish; and when we reached Palermo there were old examination-papers to be overhauled, and numerous presents to be purchased for the households of Warren and Le Marchant. If my melancholy and crest-fallen mien did not escape George's observation, he was forbearing enough to ask for no explanation of it.

We had only one clear day at Palermo; and in the afternoon I, of course, went down-stairs to say good-by to Lady Constance, whose return, as I had heard, had taken place only a few hours before our own on the previous day. I found her drawing-room full of visitors, and she received the intelligence which I brought her, as I had known that she would receive it, quite unconcernedly. Before so many strangers nothing but commonplaces could be exchanged; but when I rose to take leave of my hostess, she rose too, and with that calm disregard of conventionality which distinguished her from the rest of the world, accompanied me to the landing, where Antonio was, as usual, on guard. She sent him away upon I forget what errand, and as soon as he was gone asked, abruptly, "Have you strength of mind enough to retreat, or has your uncle really sent for you?"

"My uncle has really sent for me, and I have no strength of mind at all," I answered, gloomily.

"Well, well," she rejoined, with a short laugh, "strength of mind, or a capital substitute for it, will come to you if you have patience and wait."

"Will you write to me?" I asked, after a momentary hesitation.

"No," answered she; "I never write letters, except on matters of business. But we shall meet again before we are much older."

She held out her hand to me as she spoke, and for the second time I raised it to my lips. And without more words we parted. I did not even ask her when or where our next meeting was to take place, so sure was I that there could be no escaping the mysterious fate to which she had made allusion.

While I was standing pensively on the landing George came running down-stairs. "Have you been bidding a fond farewell to our eccentric friend?" he asked, briskly. "I suppose I ought just to look in and pay my respects."

And shortly afterward he came into my room to say that he had done his duty, and had found Lady Constance in one of her most unapproachable moods. "There were lots of people in the room; but she didn't introduce me to any of them, or take the trouble to say a word to me herself, so that I spent a very uncomfortable five minutes. However, I was so glad to think that that was the last I should see of her that I didn't care twopence about her incivility."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANDREW V. STOUT.

By the death of Mr. Andrew V. Stout, ex-President of the National Shoe and Leather Bank, the city loses another of those old merchants whose prosperity for more than half a century has been coincident with her own, and whose names represent the qualities that have made New York great. Mr. Stout died at his summer home in Bernardsville, New Jersey, on the 5th of September, of paralysis, after being in feeble health for about a year, and after having tried in vain to renew his energies by a visit to Europe and a sojourn in the South. His age was seventy-one.

Mr. Stout was a native of New York city, and for ten years a teacher in her public schools, where he saved money enough to start himself in business. As a wholesale dealer in boots and shoes, under the firm name of Stout & Ward, and afterward of A. V. Stout & Co., he carried on a very successful trade, and in 1855 was elected to the presidency of the Shoe and Leather Bank—an institution which owed its existence and prestige more to him than to any other man, and with which he was associated during an entire generation. To speak of the Shoe and Leather Bank was for many years only another way of mentioning Andrew V. Stout. In the popular estimation the bank was the man, and the man was the bank. Many other financial enterprises were glad to enroll his name. He was a director in the Phœnix Fire-insurance Company, in the Mutual Gas-light Company, in the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, in the Loan and Improvement Company, and in the Broadway Insurance Company.

During the Mayoralty of Fernando Wood Mr. Stout was appointed City Chamberlain, and for six years he received and disbursed $35,000,000 annually, without mistake or loss. But politics, save as a field where the good citizen must sometimes serve the state, had no attractions for him, and after resigning his Chamberlainship he declined to accept public office. The war found him a Democrat, and made him a Republican and an Abolitionist.

Mr. Stout was a trustee of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, a trustee of the Drew Theological Seminary, and a trustee of the Wesleyan University. So long ago as 1828 he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a contributor to its interests and charities. Recently he gave $50,000 apiece to the two educational institutions just mentioned. He leaves a widow, a son (Joseph S. Stout), and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of J. N. Ewell, of this city, and the other the wife of A. F. Southerland, of Chicago.

THE CINCINNATI FÊTE.

On the evening of September 6 the streets of Cincinnati were thronged with gay crowds, gathered to witness a procession of twenty-five tableau floats, allegorically illustrating as many consecutive periods in the history of Rome. Although this pageant, conducted under the auspices of the Order of Cincinnatus, was not a part of the Exposition, it had the sanction and co-operation of the Commissioners. The floats were prepared at great expense by the same artisans who made the properties for the late Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans.

The line of march was two miles in length, and over its full extent the sidewalks were so densely thronged as to render pedestrian travel impossible. Long before the procession began to move, every window on the line of march was filled. Platforms were improvised in front of all business houses. At all the cross streets carriages filled with people were stationed. Gayly colored flags fluttered from nearly every window, and house fronts were profusely hung with Chinese lanterns. It was half past nine when the procession started. The cars, tableaux, and costuming were splendid, and made a fine impression.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Located in the geographical centre of the State of New York, thirty miles south of the city of Utica, is one of the loveliest little valleys in the world. It is but a shallow, hill-surrounded basin, lying at the head of Lake Canadarago, a body of crystal water five miles long by about a mile of average width, which forms one of the sources of the Susquehanna River. The surroundings of this basin are unexcelled for the natural beauty of their scenery in the State; it is 1700 feet above sea-level, and nearly 1200 above the valley of the Mohawk; but all these advantages count for little beside those afforded by its possession of nearly a score of mineral-water springs, among which are white sulphur springs that rival in quality those of Virginia. In writing of Richfield Springs, some years ago, Mrs. Stowe says:

"We visited Richfield, and passed a day very pleasantly. It is a village of hotels and boarding-houses, and it was said three thousand visitors were there summering. There is a spring there whose waters we should think would be sufficient to frighten anybody away that ever tasted them, evidently either sulphurated or phosphorated hydrogen. One would think that it must have been bored down into some antediluvian stratum of spoiled eggs. Yet drinking of this spring appears to be one of the things to do in Richfield. We understand that ladies enamelled with bismuth, arsenic, and other minerals have occasionally been turned all sorts of colors by the vapor of this spring.

"What if there were a moral test of all shams equally searching! For the rest, Richfield has a high, pure air, which is said to be very health-giving; and it is a fact, we are told, that people who once begin to go there come back year after year with increasing interest."

Mrs. Stowe was told aright: those who once go to Richfield and place themselves under the spell of its charms never seek to escape from the influence that draws them back year after year to the enchanted abode of health, content, and rest. It is in this way that summer society at Richfield assumes a distinctive character, and is so bound by ties of long acquaintance and sympathy that the stranger outside the circle is apt to characterize it as proud and exclusive. This is true in a sense, though not as these terms are generally understood. Talent, genius, or recognized merit of any kind will effect an entrance into Richfield society that is denied to mere wealth or pretentious display. Of this its members are justly proud, and their exclusiveness is but the desire to bar out from their congenial community the discordant elements that clamorously seek admittance.

The unpleasant odor of the sulphur springs which, as Mr. Stowe truly says, suggests an underground deposit of very badly spoiled eggs, exists as strong to-day as when she wrote, and as it had for centuries before. The first person to take advantage of the medicinal properties of the principal of Richfield's sulphur springs was an Indian doctor, or medicine-man, who lived alone on one of the two islands in Canadarago Lake. Every night he secretly visited the spring which he had discovered on the mainland, and conveyed a portion of its waters to his lodge. Every day during office hours he received patients for whose ailments he prescribed the one all-healing remedy. Like many another of his profession before and since, he waxed prosperous and proud, until he audaciously compared his own power to that of the Great Spirit, whereupon the latter hurled a thunder-bolt that sank the proud doctor, together with his island, to the unfathomable depths of the lake. This is the story that is told to account for the disappearance of one of the Canadarago islands, which did very mysteriously sink to a great depth early in the present century.

During the French and Indian war the commandant of the English troops stationed at Albany ordered a party of sappers and miners to this place to search for sulphur, of which he was greatly in need for the manufacture of gunpowder. They were directed to the spring by an Indian guide, and made a large excavation about ten feet east of it, but failed to reach the coveted deposit.

In 1820 Dr. Horace Manley bought an acre of land, from the midst of which flowed the famous waters now known as the "Manley Spring," for $75. He at once proceeded to prepare the spring for public use by excavating to the bed-rock and tubing. In order to guide themselves to the spring, Dr. Manley's workmen fastened a white handkerchief to a pole by the road-side. A traveller from a distance, who knew nothing of the spring, seeing this signal as he rode that way, supposed it to indicate the presence of small-pox, and for self-protection attempted to hold his breath until he had passed the infected locality. His powers of endurance proved insufficient, and directly opposite to the spring he involuntarily drew a breath of the tainted air. Checking his horse, he exclaimed, in tones of horror and despair, "O my God! I've catched it!"

The Richfield Hotel, which was the first to receive visitors to the springs, was opened in 1816. The Spring House, of which a view is shown on page 585, was built in 1823 upon ground immediately adjoining the famous Manley Spring. The present structure, which is capable of accommodating six hundred guests, is the direct outgrowth of the 1823 building, which was 30 feet by 40 feet, and two stories high. The New American, which is the only large rival of the Spring House in the village, stands directly opposite to it, and was built, in 1851, upon the site of the Old American, built in 1830, and destroyed by fire in 1850. This hotel could never successfully compete with its rival across the way, because the other possessed a sulphur spring; while, like the poor little pig in Mother Goose, "it had none"; but a propitious fate waited upon its fortunes, and in 1865, according to the local historian, "a rich and copious sulphur spring was discovered in the basement of this hotel, which, upon analysis, was found to be identical with its older compeer of the Spring House directly opposite. Large and commodious bathing-houses were at once constructed, and supplied from this spring, and this house now offers," etc.

The question naturally suggested is, How did that spring succeed in hiding itself from all observation in a hotel basement for thirty-five years?

The price of board in the first Richfield Springs hotel was $1 25 per week; but, with the discovery of new springs, the price has been raised.

Aside from its springs, Richfield offers more beautiful drives, excursions, pure air, and solid social enjoyment than almost any other resort that can be named. Among its charming excursions is the twelve-mile drive around Canadarago Lake, which lake Seth Green has pronounced to be the best stocked with fish of any lake of its size in the State. Waiontha Mountain is, according to a recent writer, "a hill among an ocean of hills." It is but two miles from the Springs, and upon its summit stands an observatory seventy feet high, the view from which the reckless hotel statistician declares to be "one hundred miles in extent." The same authority notes the air at this altitude to be "full of electric life and vigor."

Otsego Lake, made famous by the pen of Cooper, and called by him "Glimmerglass," is but six miles from Richfield, and is connected with the hotels of the latter place by a tri-daily line of Tally-ho coaches, which add much to the life of the quiet country roads as they dash by.

Ten miles from the Springs are the wildly beautiful Van Hornesville caves and water-falls, an idea of which our artists have attempted to convey on page 585.

The pastimes nearer at hand are to be found on the tennis lawn—the courts of which are always occupied—in the row-boats on the lake, in the dim moon-lit aisles of the "Pine Walk," on the hotel piazzas, or at the hops which are given on alternate nights at the rival hotels. These, although aided by excellent music and capital floors, are very sedate affairs, and more enjoyed by the sitters and gazers through the windows from the piazzas than by the performers, who are terribly conscious of the observation and its accompanying criticism.

A gentleman recently returned from Richfield says, "Take it all in all, it is about as pleasant a place in which to spend an idle month as I know of, and there is more going on there than in any quiet place I ever struck."

The latter part of this criticism will probably acquire extra force next week, when the members of the State Republican Convention gather amid the quiet scenes and sylvan beauties of this favored village.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The authorities at Port Natal ordered that a vessel be procured which could be used for towing ships into the harbor in all sorts of weather, for throwing water upon fires along the water front, for carrying fresh-water in large quantities to ships, for succoring vessels in distress at sea, for dredging along the coast in search of lost anchors and cables, and for blowing up hostile vessels, after the manner of a torpedo-boat. With much labor such a craft has been constructed and launched at Aberdeen. A Yankee builder would have rejoiced to receive such an order, and undoubtedly would have been ready to construct a vessel which could be put not only to all those uses, but in a pinch could be used as a saw-mill, a cheese factory, and a cider-press.

Some flippant persons who were not invited to go to the National Park with Mr. Rufus Hatch's party of dukes, reporters, marquises, and other noblemen have been concocting stories of impossible tribulations suffered by Mr. Hatch. That gentleman will hardly feel called upon to deny, upon his return, the statement that one of his titled guests purchased necessary and intimate articles of vestment at a store in the picturesque wilderness, and had them charged to his entertainer. The story that another of the noblemen delayed a procession in a Western city by claiming precedence over those of lower rank is equally absurd. The informal associations incidental to camp life undoubtedly have heightened the esteem in which Mr. Hatch held his guests, as well as that in which they held him, and have added strength to the bonds of friendship between this country and the several monarchies represented in his noteworthy party.

Night sessions of the House of Lords are sometimes characterized by that spirit of readiness to appreciate anything in the way of diversion which has become a characteristic of late sessions in Washington. It was in the course of a recent late sitting that Lord Fortescue asked the government to introduce into the Agricultural Holdings Bill "some provision for alleviating the great hardship now suffered by the family of any clergyman if he died while occupying his glebe, as many clergymen have latterly found themselves reluctantly compelled to do." His lordship's way of putting it produced "roars of laughter."

Not long ago a writer indulged in speculation as to the military strength of China in the event of the full resources of that empire being drawn upon. His conclusion was that China could raise an army large enough to overrun and subdue all Europe by sheer force of numbers. The impending struggle to dislodge the French from Annam will afford an interesting view of what the Flowery Kingdom has learned of the methods of war in the years since its people began to profit by the experience of nations more advanced.

"Is there any one left in America?" asks a correspondent in Paris. The city, he says, was never so full of Americans. All the English spoken on the streets, in shops, and at the theatres is the English of Americans. Very few English people are in Paris at this season.

On the centennial of the recognition by Great Britain of the independence of the United States the Toronto *Globe* recalled the grim jest of George III., who said that England's reason for celebrating the peace was "because things were no worse." The verdict of the world, said the *Globe*, is that things would have been a great deal worse if the King and his counsellors had won a triumph; for "the clock of the universe would have been put indefinitely backward had the American colonists failed in their struggle, and it is difficult to say which of the contestants would have suffered most from such a disastrous ending."

An old post-office employé says that in nearly every instance of the sender writing "In haste" on the envelope the State is omitted from the superscription, and if the sender writes "In haste" in two corners he usually leaves off both the State and the post-office.

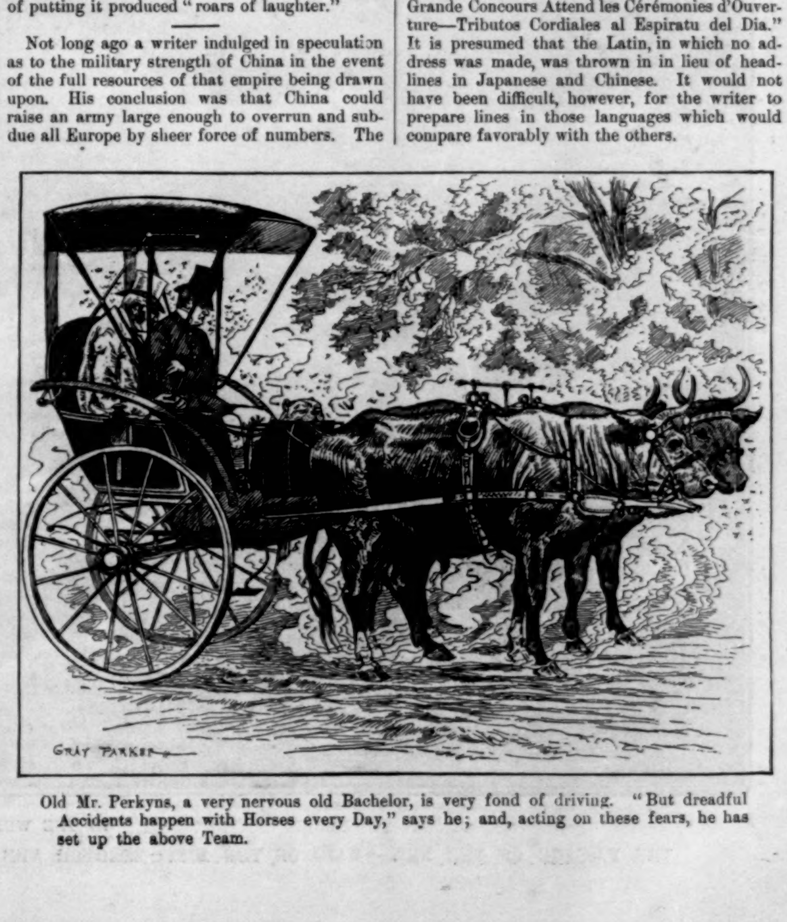
Announcement was made in a Roman Catholic church at Atlanta, Georgia, a few Sundays ago, that the male children of Catholic parents should be sent to a school in the basement of the church conducted by the Sisters, and that parents who continued to send children to the city schools would be deprived of the sacraments. About a year ago a similar order affecting the girls of Catholic parents was issued, and was obeyed by all except one family. There is to be an effort on the part of the Catholic Church to secure a division of the money devoted to the public schools in that city.

The three bakers of Cork who were arrested by officers of the British government on the charge of having explosives on their premises were discharged after a brief hearing. It is a scientific fact that yeast and baking-powder are among the mildest of explosives.

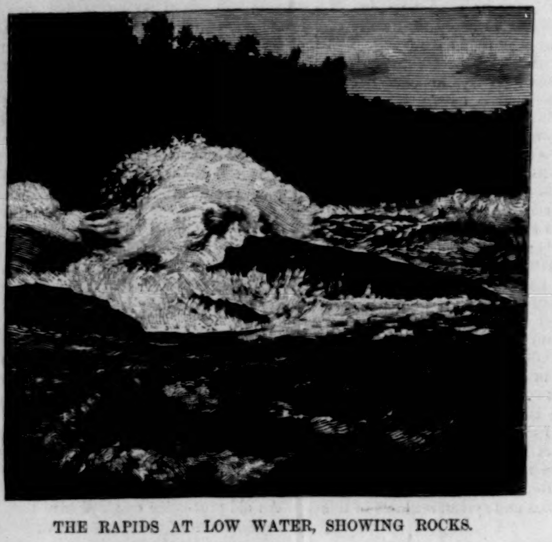
The American student of the name of Lennig who killed a fellow-student in a duel in Germany and fled to Switzerland has been released from arrest. This action was taken by the government on the ground that duelling is not named in the treaty as an offense for which persons may be subject to extradition.

Members of the President's party in the Yellowstone region were enabled to verify the statement that it is possible to capture a trout in the waters of a lake there, and, without detaching it from the hook, fling it into an adjacent geyser and boil it to suit the angler's taste.

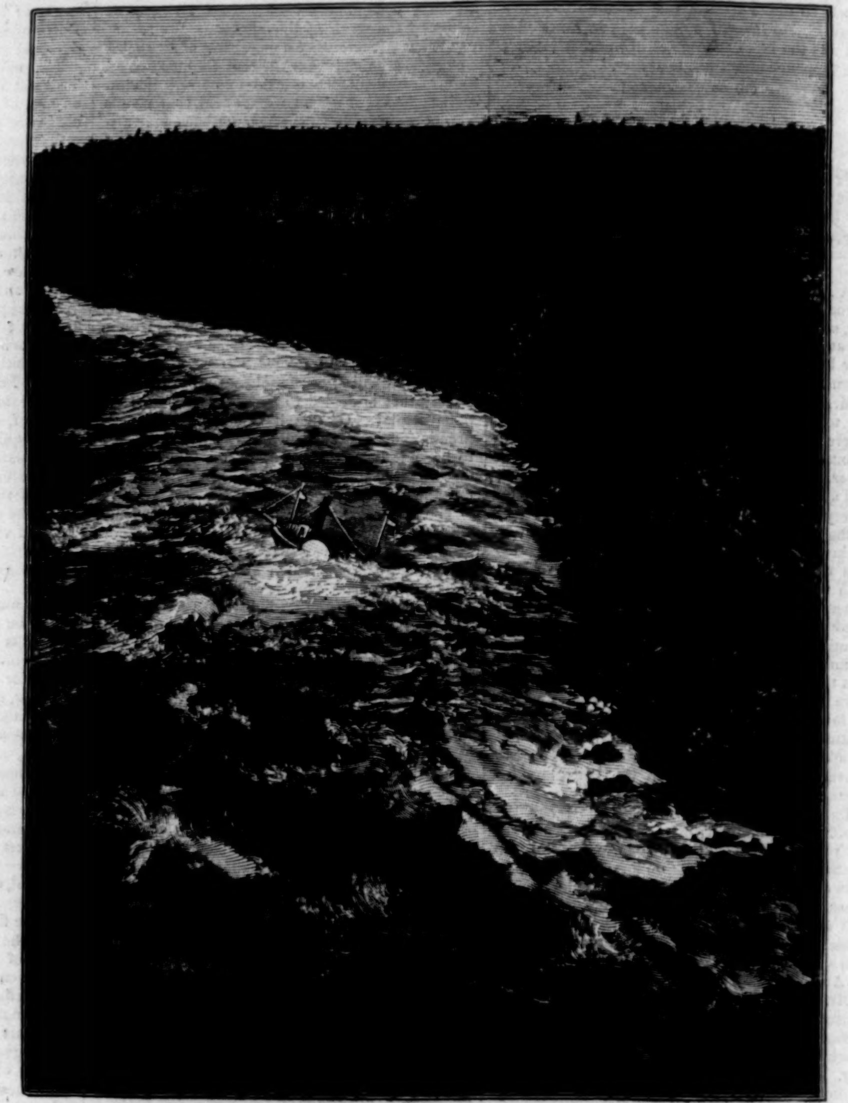
The opening of the Foreign Exhibition in Boston was an auspicious and polyglot occasion. M. Duval, of the Paris Municipal Council, spoke in the French tongue, Commissioner Haas in the German, Commissioner Hoolagee in the Japanese, Loo Wen Shih in the Chinese, and M. Labarière, representing Spain, in the Spanish. There were also addresses in English. A Boston paper's account of the exercises was printed under the following head-lines, which are reproduced *literatim:* "Vivat Ars et Industria—Eröffnung der Ausländicher Ausstellung—Une Grande Concours Attend les Cérémonies d'Ouverture—Tributos Cordiales al Espiratu del Dia." It is presumed that the Latin, in which no address was made, was thrown in in lieu of head-lines in Japanese and Chinese. It would not have been difficult, however, for the writer to prepare lines in those languages which would compare favorably with the others.



Old Mr. Perkyns, a very nervous old Bachelor, is very fond of driving. "But dreadful Accidents happen with Horses every Day," says he; and, acting on these fears, he has set up the above Team.



THE RAPIDS AT LOW WATER, SHOWING ROCKS.



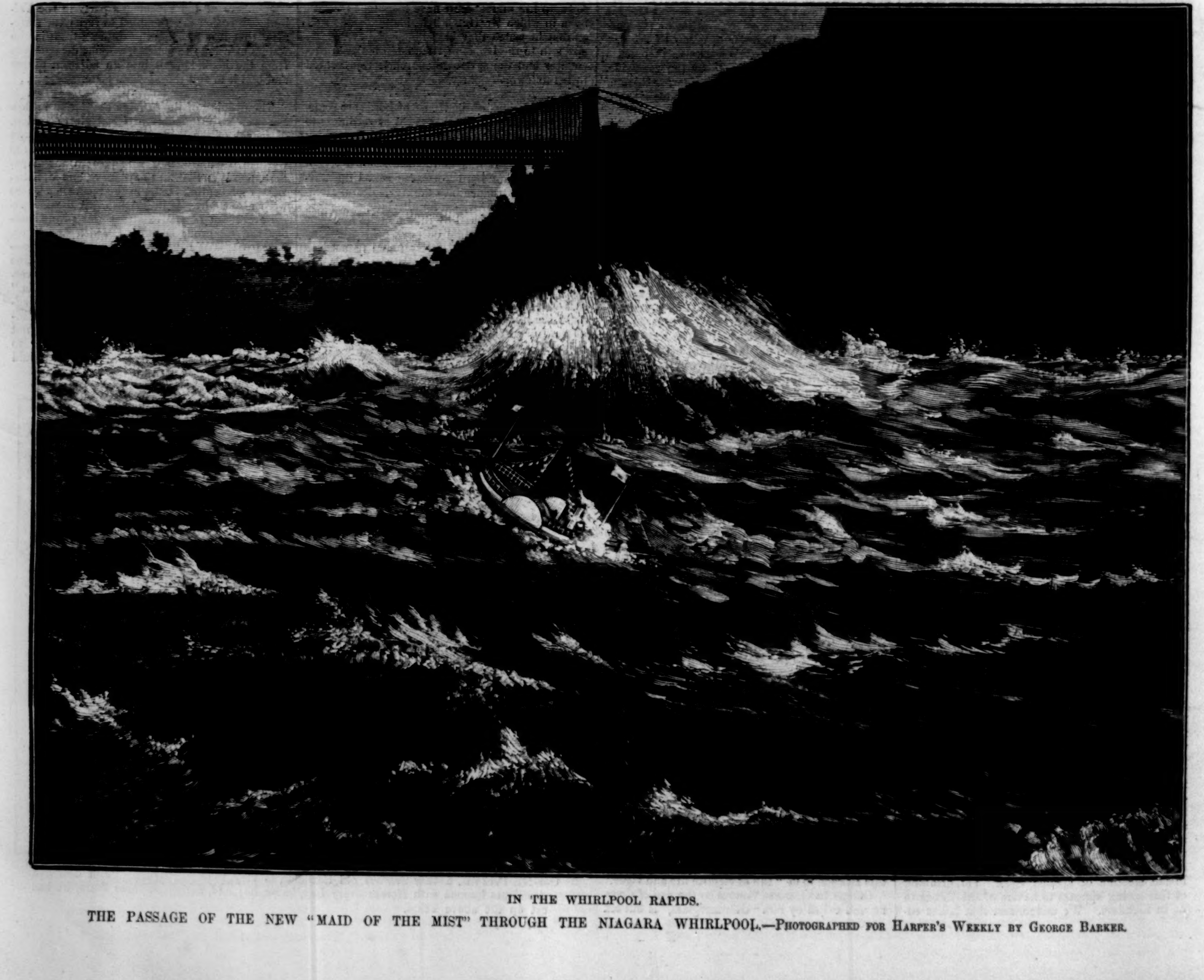
IN THE RAPIDS—FROM THE RAILROAD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

An enormous crowd of eager spectators gathered last week on the banks of the Niagara River to witness the passage of the new *Maid of the Mist* through the rapids where the daring Captain Webb was drowned. An old barge was built up to resemble the stout little craft which made the same dangerous trip in 1861. It was, however, an imitation only. There were no wheels in the paddle-boxes, the figure in the wheel-house was made up to resemble a pilot, and the stove-pipe smoke-stack emitted smoke from a cast-off stove. The boat was fifty-two feet long, sixteen wide, and eight in depth.

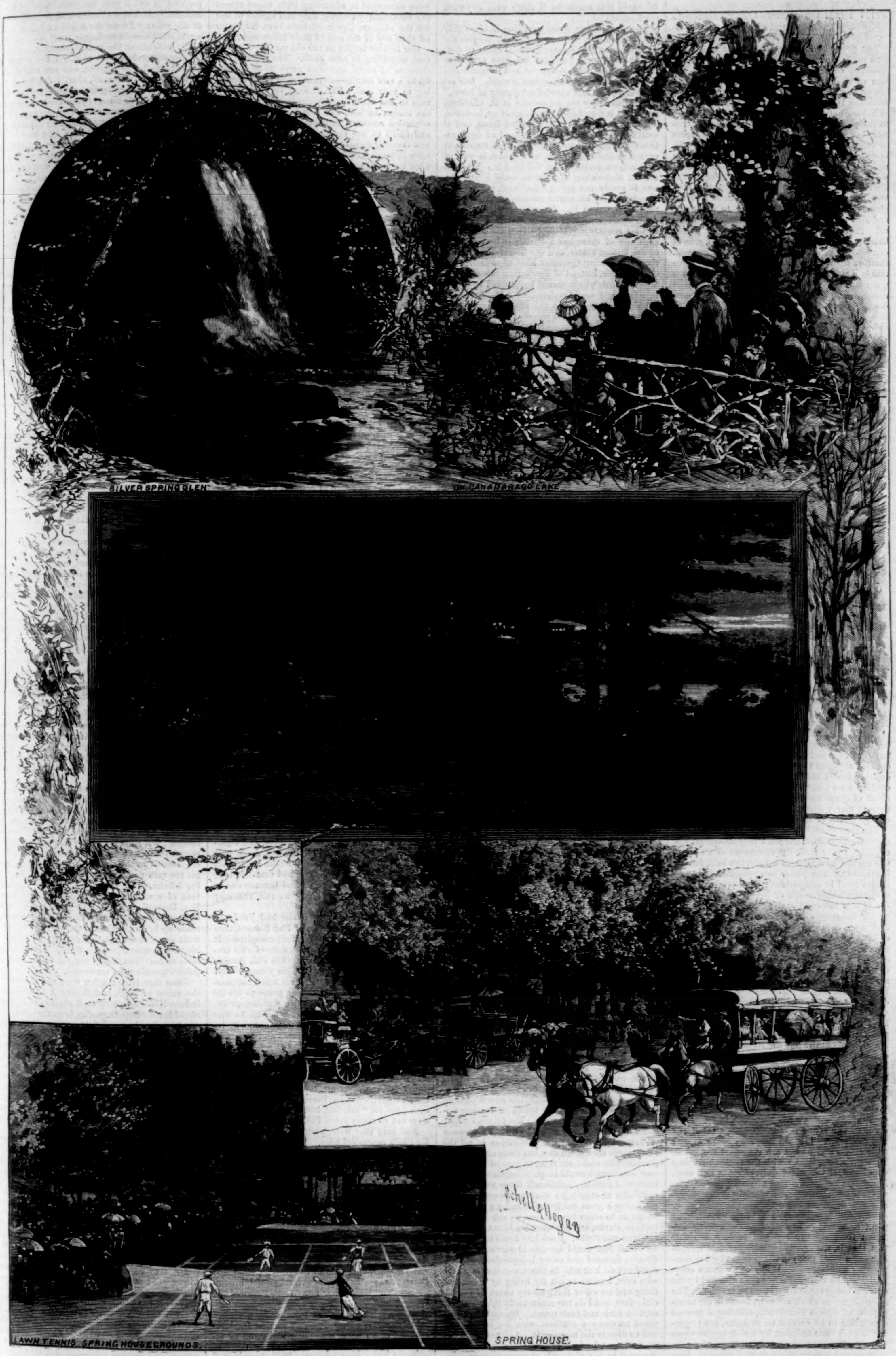
Soon after two o'clock on the afternoon of September 6 the vessel was towed out from the old *Maid of the Mist* landing. After some difficulty she was headed down the stream, and soon attained an astonishing rate of speed. She passed under the old railway suspension-bridge in good style, but was whirled stern foremost soon afterward on a tremendous wave. Several revolutions were made before the whirlpool was reached, but never for a moment while in the rapids did the vessel seem in danger of going to pieces, or of being engulfed.

The vessel was headed up-stream when she arrived at the whirlpool. On entering, two revolutions were made in a twinkling, and then the boat shot swiftly to the Canada side, going so far as to be out of the power of the circling waves. It looked for a time as if the vessel would be kept hedged in by the maelstrom. Her revolutions were slow, and she was in sight of the multitude all the time. The water dashed and roared and whirled, seemingly with fury enough to destroy any object coming within the dreadful circle. Finally a number of venturesome spectators climbed down the ledge of rock on the Canada side, and by means of poles pushed the boat off. Then she was taken into the channels, and literally hurled through the water to the open river beyond. She went rapidly with the current to Lewiston, where she was boarded and examined, and was found to be practically uninjured.



IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

THE PASSAGE OF THE NEW "MAID OF THE MIST" THROUGH THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.—Photographed for Harper's Weekly by George Barker.


SILVER SPRING GLEN.
ON CANADARAGO LAKE
LAWN TENNIS, SPRING HOUSE GROUNDS.
SPRING HOUSE.
Schell & Hogan

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, NEW YORK, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.
From Photographs by Bronner and Minor.—[See Page 583.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIKES.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

The progress in material comfort which has been made during the last hundred years has not produced content. Quite to the contrary: the men of to-day are not nearly so contented with life on earth as their ancestors were. This observation is easily explainable by familiar facts in human nature. If satisfaction does not reach to the pitch of satiety, it does not produce content, but discontent. It is therefore a stimulus to more effort, and is essential to growth. If, however, we confine our study of the observation which we have made to its sociological aspects, we perceive that all which we call "progress" is limited by the counter-movements which it creates, and we also see the true meaning of the phenomena which have led some to the crude and silly absurdity that progress makes us worse off. Progress certainly does not make people happier, unless their mental and moral growth corresponds to the greater command of material comfort which they win. All that we call progress is a simple enlargement of chances, and the question of personal happiness is a question how the chances will be used. It follows that if men do not grow in their knowledge of life and in their intelligent judgment of the rules of right living as rapidly as they gain control over physical resources, they will not win happiness at all. They will simply accumulate chances which they do not know how to use.

The observation which has just been made about individual happiness also has a public or social aspect which is important. It is essential that the political institutions, the social code, and the accepted notions which constitute public opinion should develop in equal measure with the increase of power over nature. The penalty of failure to maintain due proportion between the popular philosophy of life and the increase of material comfort will be social convulsions which will arrest civilization, and will subject the human race to such a reaction toward barbarism as that which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. It is easy to see that at the present moment our popular philosophy of life is all in confusion. The old codes are breaking down; new ones are not yet made; and even amongst people of standing, to whom we must look to establish the body of public opinion, we hear the most contradictory and heterogeneous doctrines about life and society.

The growth of the United States has done a great deal to break up the traditional codes and creeds which had been adopted in Europe. The civilized world being divided into two parts, one old and densely populated and the other new and thinly populated, social phenomena have been produced which, although completely covered by the same laws of social force, have appeared to be contradictory. The effect has been to disturb and break up the faith of philosophers and students in the laws, and to engender numberless fallacies amongst those who are not careful students. The popular judgment especially has been disordered and misled. The new country has offered such chances as no generation of men has ever had before. It has not, however, enabled any man to live without work, or to keep capital without thrift and prudence. It has not enabled a man to "rise in the world" from a position of ignorance and poverty, and at the same time to marry early, spend freely, and bring up a large family of children.

The men of this generation, therefore, without distinction of class, and with only individual exceptions, suffer from the discontent of an appetite excited by a taste of luxury, but held far below satiety. The power to appreciate a remote future good in comparison with a present one is a distinguishing mark of highly civilized men, but if it is not combined with powers of persevering industry and self-denial, it degenerates into mere day-dreaming and the diseases of an overheated imagination. If any number of persons are of this character, we have morbid discontent and romantic ambition as social traits. Our literature, especially our fiction, bears witness to the existence of classes who are corrupted by these diseases of character. We find classes of persons who are whining and complaining, and who use the organs of public discussion and deliberation in order to put forth childish complaints and impossible demands, while they philosophize about life like the *Arabian Nights*. Of course this whole tone of thought and mode of behavior is as far as possible from the sturdy manliness which meets the problems of life, and wins victories as much by what it endures as by what it conquers.

Our American life, by its ease, exerts another demoralizing effect on a great many of us. Hundreds of our young people grow up without any real discipline. Life is made easy for them, and their tastes and wishes are consulted too much. They grow to maturity with the notion that they ought to find the world only pleasant and easy. Every one knows this type of young person, who wants to find an occupation which he would "like," and who discusses the drawbacks of difficulty or disagreeableness in anything which offers. The point here referred to is, of course, entirely different from another and still more lamentable fact, that is, the terrible inefficiency and incapability of a great many of the people who are complaining and begging. If any one wants a copyist, he will be more saddened than annoyed by the overwhelming applications for the position. The advertisements which are to be found in the newspapers of widest circulation, offering a genteel occupation to be carried on at home, not requiring any previous training, by which two or three dollars a day may be earned, are a proof of the existence of a class to which they appeal. How many thousand people in the United States want just that kind of employment! What a beautiful world this would be if there were any such employment!

Then, again, our social ambition is often silly and mischievous. Our young people despise the occupations which involve physical effort or dirt, and they struggle "up" (as we have agreed to call it) into all the nondescript and irregular employments which are clean and genteel. Our orators and poets talk about the "dignity of labor," and neither they nor we believe in it. Leisure, not labor, is dignified. Nearly all of us, however, have to sacrifice our dignity, and labor, and it would be to the purpose if, instead of declamation about dignity, we should learn to respect, in ourselves and each other, work which is *good* of its kind, no matter what the kind is. To spoil a good shoemaker in order to make a bad parson is surely not going "up," and a man who digs well is by all sound criteria superior to the man who writes ill. Everybody who talks to American school-boys thinks that he does them and his country service if he reminds them that each one of them has a chance to be President of the United States, and our literature is all the time stimulating the same kind of senseless social ambition, instead of inculcating the code and the standards which should be adopted by orderly, sober, and useful citizens.

The consequences of the observations which have now been grouped together are familiar to us all. Population tends from the country to the city. Mechanical and technical occupations are abandoned, and those occupations which are easy and genteel are overcrowded. Of course the persons in question must be allowed to take their own choice, and seek their own happiness in their own way, but it is inevitable that thousands of them should be disappointed and suffer. If the young men abandon farms and trades to become clerks, book-keepers, etc., etc., the consequence will be that the remuneration of the crowded occupations will fall, and that of the neglected occupations will rise. If the young women refuse to do house-work, and go into shops, stores, telegraph offices, schools, etc., the wages of the crowded occupations will fall, while those of domestic servants advance. If women in seeking occupation try to gain admission to some business like telegraphing, in competition with men, they will bid under the men. Similar effects would be produced if a leisure class in an old country should be compelled by some social convulsion to support themselves. They would run down the compensation for labor in the few occupations which they could enter.

Now the question is raised whether there is any remedy for the low wages of the crowded occupations, and the question answers itself. There is no remedy except not to continue the causes of the evil. To strike, that is, to say that the workers will not work in their chosen line, yet that they will not leave it for some other line, is simply suicide. Neither can any amount of declamation, nor even of law-making, force a man who owns a business to submit the control of it to a man who does not own it. The telegraphers have an occupation which requires training and skill, but it is one which is very attractive in many respects to those who seek manual occupation. It is also an occupation which is very suitable, at least in many of its branches, for women. The occupation is therefore capable of a limited monopoly. The demand that women should be paid equally with men is, on the face of it, just, but its real effect would be to keep women out of the business. It was often said during the telegraphers' strike that the demand of the strikers was just, because their wages were less than those of artisans. The argument had no force at all. The only question was whether the current wages for telegraphing were sufficient to bring out an adequate supply of telegraphers. If the growing boys prefer to be artisans, the wages of telegraphers will rise. If, even at present rates, boys and girls continue to prefer telegraphing to handicraft or housework, the wages of telegraphers will fall. Could, then, a strike advance at a blow the wages of all who are now telegraphers? There was only one reason to hope so, and that was that the monopoly of the trade might prove stringent enough and the public inconvenience great enough to force a concession, which would, however, have been speedily lost again by an increased supply of telegraphers.

Now let us ask what the state of the case would be if it was really possible for the telegraphers to make a successful strike. They have a very close monopoly. Railroad men have a much less effective monopoly. Six years ago they nearly arrested the transportation of the country for a fortnight. They were unable to effect their object. More recently the freight-handlers struck against the competition of a new influx of foreign unskilled laborers, and in vain. The printers might make a combination, and try to force an advance in wages by arresting the publication of all the newspapers on a given day, but there are so many persons who could set type, in case of need, that such an attempt would be quite hopeless. In any branch of ordinary handicraft there would be no possibility of creating a working monopoly, or of producing a great public calamity by a strike. If we go on to other occupations we see that book-keepers, clerks, and salesmen could not as a body combine and strike. Much less could teachers do so. Still less could household servants do so. Finally, farmers and other independent workers could not do it at all. In short, a striker is a man who says, I mean to get my living by doing this thing and no other thing as my share of the social effort, and I do not mean to do this thing except on such and such terms. He therefore proposes to make a contract with his fellow-men, and to dictate the terms of it. Any man who can do this must be in a very exceptional situation. He must have a monopoly of the service in question, and it must be one of which his fellow-men have great need. If, then, the telegraphers could have succeeded in advancing their wages fifteen per cent. simply because they had agreed to ask for the advance, they must have been far better off than any of the rest of their fellow-men.

Our fathers taught us the old maxim, Cut your coat according to your cloth. The popular discussions of social questions seem to be leading up to a new maxim—Demand your cloth according to your coat. The fathers thought that a man in this world must do the best he could with the means he had, and that good training and education consisted in developing skill, sagacity, and thrift to use resources economically. The new doctrine seems to be that if a man has been born into this world he should make up his mind what he needs here, formulate his demands, and present them to "society" or the "state." He wants a congenial and easy occupation, and good pay for it. He does not want to be hampered by any limitations such as come from a world in which wool grows, but not coats; in which iron ore is found, but not weapons and tools; in which the ground will produce wheat, but only after hard labor and self-denial; in which we can not eat our cake and keep it; in which two and two only make four. He wants to be guaranteed a "market," so as not to suffer from "overproduction." In private life and in personal relations we already estimate this way of looking at things at its true value, but as soon as we are called upon to deal with a general question, or a phenomenon of industry in which a number of persons are interested, we adopt an entirely conventional and unsound mode of discussion. The sound gospel of industry, prudence, painstaking, and thrift is, of course, unpopular. We all long to be emancipated from worry, anxiety, disappointment, and the whole train of cares which fall upon us as we work our way through the world. Can we really gain anything in that struggle by organizing for a battle with each other? This is the practical question. Is there any ground whatever for believing that we shall come to anything, by pursuing this line of effort, which will be of any benefit to anybody? If a man is dissatisfied with his position, let him strive to better it in one way or another by such chances as he can find or make, and let him inculcate upon his children good habits and sound notions, so that they may live wisely, and not expose themselves to hardship by error or folly; but every experiment only makes it more clear that for men to band together in order to carry on an industrial war, instead of being a remedy for disappointment in the ratio of satisfaction to effort, is only to court new calamity.

JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

One seventeenth day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, consisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend Phil Somers, and Miss Maude Mortimer, a young lady they hoped he might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metropolis. Joe Barrett and his wife had long ago been given over by their relatives and friends, and the genial circle of society they adorned, as an old-fashioned couple that prolonged their honey-moon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and the romance for themselves would have gone through with the original ceremony again had it not been for a serious obstacle. The clergyman was still alive, and vigorous for his years, and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but the pale pretty little bridemaid had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of that shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

There was a rumor that if she had lived she would have become the wife of Phil Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this tender and romantic episode of his life Phil Somers had remained a bachelor. In his younger days this apparent halo of soft regret and unappeasable longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a damsel endeavored to console him; but although he was gentle and even chivalric to all womankind, he remained, to all matrimonial intents and purposes, unconsoled.

And here he was, a bachelor still, fifty years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular, tall but straight; while Joe Barrett and his wife might both pass for "fat, fair, and forty," though they were not so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as lively as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of their toils, although no longer in her first youth, would have seemed so in any other light but the critical one of sun against sand; and now that thick bands of gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, tempering the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and the young lady had pulled her veil about the outlines of her face, Miss Mortimer seemed at the heyday of her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long low hostelry a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge, and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and trotted her away from Phil and the young lady.

"Let's leave them alone together for a while," said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love-making, and I hope something will come of today's trip, Polly; I'm getting awfully tired of working like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness."

While strolling along, they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife: "I'd be the happiest fellow in the world if Phil could be happy too."

His wife shook his arm impatiently.

"See here, Joe," she said, "I think you are absurd about Phil Somers, and you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through, I'm not going to bother about his marrying at all. It's none of your business or mine. I don't believe he wants to marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love once, and I believe all the love Phil had to give any one was squandered long ago on our dear little bridemaid. After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful to the one memory all these years."

Joe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He picked up a stone, and sent it savagely whirring over the water.

"Polly," he said, "I think I'll take a plunge in the sea; it will tone me up, and give me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of the little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big black cloud, Joe."

"I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, looked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and, to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

"Joe is a regular water-dog," said Phil.

Miss Mortimer made no reply. She had not come down to the sea-shore that day to listen to laudations of Joe Barrett and his wife. Miss Mortimer felt that she had no time to lose, and was resolved to waste no words upon Joe Barrett's maritime proclivities.

Phil, however, kept his eyes upon Joe as he swam out to the open sea, and went on talking about him without requiring any special reply.

"Joe is a little impulsive and reckless, perhaps," said Phil, "but he's a capital swimmer."

"It is growing cold," said Miss Mortimer, contracting her shoulders in that graceful way that some women have of making even a shiver attractive.

Phil remembered with remorse that her wrap was hanging forgotten upon his arm. He hastened to put it about her shoulders, but the wind, which was rising to a gale, made the effort a prolonged one.

"Don't you hate the wind?" said Miss Mortimer, coquettishly.

"I am never ungrateful," said Phil, capturing the ends of the shawl again, and holding them fast this time about her slender form. A keen look of incipient triumph flashed from Miss Mortimer's eyes. Phil's words always seemed to mean so much more than they said. And she could not, unfortunately, see that his eyes were still looking fixedly over her head upon the water beyond the surf.

A shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the scene. An ominous rumble from the clouds mingled with the roar of the sea. Suddenly the earth and sky were enveloped in a blinding glare. In this spectral light Phil distinctly saw Joe Barrett fling his arms wildly aloft, and disappear in the darkening waste.

Phil threw off his shoes and his coat as he ran to the sea, and Miss Mortimer had great difficulty in rescuing his vest, which was nearly carried out by a returning wave. Her costume was drenched with the spray, and she nearly lost her footing; but she saved the waistcoat, which contained Phil's watch and other valuables. Then she hurried to the shelter of the bathing-houses, for the rain now began to fall heavily. Through the blackness of the storm she saw the white face of a woman. Miss Mortimer knew it was Mrs. Barrett running wildly down to the water, but she attempted no remonstrance. She had made up her mind that of the party of four that went down to the sea that day two would probably never return, perhaps three. It was impossible to say what might happen where such impulsive people were concerned.

Some men from the inn were now hurrying to the scene of peril, and finding it impossible to induce Mrs. Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown about her a rough tarpaulin, from the harsh folds of which her haggard face and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight to see.

The two bodies were now coming in atop of the foaming surf, with no help or hinderance of their own, and closely locked together, were swept swiftly ashore with other prey of the elements. They were narrowly rescued from the greedy maw of the returning wave, and carried with all speed to the little inn, where everything was in readiness to restore consciousness to the one, and foster it in the other.

The storm passed away as suddenly as it came. The pale glow of twilight deepened into night. There was no moon, but the stars shone over the bay and the harbor and the dusky little promontory. To look at the gentle ripples of waves lapping lazily along upon the soft white sand, Phil could hardly believe that so little time ago two men had been done almost to their death. He could scarcely stagger out into the wooden porch of the inn to breathe the cold sea-scented air. And as for Joe, God only knew what would befall him. He had been brought back to life, but not to consciousness. Polly had managed to get word to the town physician, but the way was long, and the sand was heavy.

It must have been about midnight: Phil could not tell the exact time. His watch was in his waistcoat, under Miss Mortimer's head, in the bed of the landlady. Phil had told them not to awaken Miss Mortimer; under no circumstances; he was so glad she was asleep—and it would be impossible to say *how* glad he was. The latch of the door clicked behind him. Phil's heart sank.

He was afraid Miss Mortimer had, after all, been awakened. But a faltering, uncertain step reached him, and the cold little hand of Polly Barrett clutched his arm.

Any one but Phil would never have known her. The last remnant of her soft round comeliness seemed swept away with the storm. All her womanly crimps and fripperies were gone. She wore an ill-fitting gown of the landlady's. Her whole face was of a wan gray pallor, like the waves under the cold light of the stars.

"Is Joe better?" stammered Phil. "Does he know—"

"He knows everything, and perhaps he's better. Oh, Phil! Phil!" Polly repressed her sobs, and motioned Phil to the door. "He is determined I shall try and get some sleep, and that you shall watch with him for a while. As if I *could* sleep! But go to him, Phil; don't thwart him—go!"

Phil went in to Joe. He will never forget the low-ceiled room, the two wooden chairs, the pine table, whereon a mop of ragged wick flared from a saucer of oil, the bottle of liquor within reach, and the coarse green glass, the grim old clock in the corner ticking off the seconds, and Joe's ghastly face and motionless form upon the camp cot in the corner. Joe tried to stretch out his hand to Phil, but it fell back heavily upon the patchwork quilt of the landlady.

"You did your best, Phil," he said; "you brought me ashore, but the trouble was done out there; something seized me, God knows what—paralysis, cramps, palsy—who can tell? Anyway, I'm done for, old man. I can't move a muscle below. It's a mere question of time, Phil, and we can't afford to lose any."

"I hope you're wrong, Joe; we'll know better when the doctor comes. You were right not to tell Polly. But she must come to you, Joe."

Phil would have gone at once for Polly, but something in Joe's face held him back.

"Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years. Listen to me, and don't interrupt me if you can help it. Give me some of that stuff from the bottle, and when I grow weaker give me more."

Phil lifted Joe's head and put the glass to his lips; then he sat down upon the edge of the cot, leaving his arm between Joe's neck and the pillow. Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down to the shore here and had that talk together. You remember it, Phil?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Ah! you've remembered it too well, Phil; I've tried hard enough, God knows, to make you forget. The sun was sinking over yonder in the west, and sky and sea were all aflame. Some fleecy clouds dropped low over the old shed where we had ordered some clams. I remember when I saw Polly that night. The dress she wore was like a stab to me; it was of some soft floating material that reminded me of the woolly clouds over the old shed. You didn't eat the clams, Phil. You dallied with the shells, and turned them over with the queer old fork they had given you. And all at once you put them aside, and lighted a cigar, and turned your face to the sea, and began to talk of a woman you secretly loved. Now give me some wine, Phil."

Phil put the glass again to Joe's lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said. "Let me go for Polly."

"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five years ago. As you went on to talk of the woman you secretly loved, some sort of a light shone upon your face from the splendor in the west that made it like that of an archangel. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out in the water and strangle myself; my next was worthy of Judas Iscariot. It was a resolve to betray you. I must have been tempted by the devil, for, as God is my judge in this awful moment of my life, I never dreamed before that night that you and I were in love with the one woman. I got upon my feet and shouted, 'She is mine!' glaring upon you with a dogged, resolute stare. 'Have you, then, asked her to marry you?' you said, and your face still looked like an archangel's, while mine must have been inflamed with the passions that beset a man beyond his strength. As I repeated, 'She is my promised wife,' the words seemed to leap from a throat of fire; it was the first downright, hideous, malicious lie I ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her—*I had not yet asked her*; but when I *did* ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from my perjured throat, though it was a worse one by far. For I told Polly, Phil—I told her before I asked her to marry me—that you had confessed to me your love for her friend, the poor little girl that afterward became our bridemaid. Whether it was my guilty conscience, that makes hell enough for any man, I fancied I saw something in Polly's eyes that told me, had it not been for my treachery, your chance would have been better than mine. Now take your arm away from my neck, Phil, and curse me if you will—my story is done."

The pulse at Joe's ear leaped and tugged as if it would burst an artery, but Phil's voice had the old tender ring.

"You might have spared yourself all this," he said. "I think Polly has proved who it was that she loved."

"Ah, after that night, Phil, yes. Polly is not the kind of woman to make the misery of men. But I cheated you of your chance—I cheated you of your chance!"

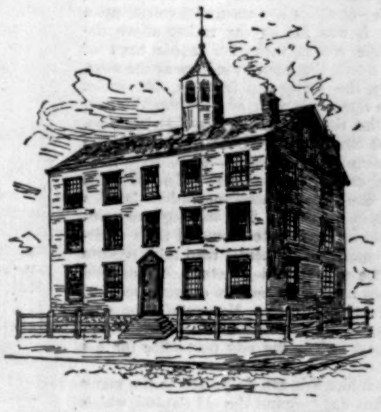
"Be it so, Joe. I forgive you, and I love you all the same. Now throw off the burden, and live for Polly's sake and mine."

"Too late, too late," faltered the failing lips. They refused to touch the glass. The limp body fell back almost lifeless in Phil's arms. Then Joe aroused himself once more, and called for Polly in a harsh, strained voice that reached her despite the roar of the sea. She flew to his side, but was only in time to catch a few indistinct, disjointed sentences. With a last effort the dying man lifted the hands of his wife and his friend, joined them together, clasped his own about them, and so the three remained till the soul of Joe Barrett fled.

"And if there could be such a thing as witchcraft," said Miss Mortimer to some friends, the other day, "Joe Barrett's widow would have been burned at the stake long ago. She was pretty well on in years when Joe died, and I'll leave it to anybody if she don't look like a blonde mummy now. Phil Somers has that air of distinction and elegance about him that he might marry almost anybody; Joe Barrett's widow is old and ugly and sick and poor, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Phil Somers would marry her yet."

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.

Mr. Richard D. Sears, whose portrait is given on page 581, enjoys the distinction of being the first and only lawn tennis champion of the United States. The championship was instituted in the summer of 1881, and was won by Mr. Sears, who succeeded in defending his title to the honor in the following year, and again in the National Tournament lately held at Newport. In partnership with Dr. James Dwight he holds also, for the second year, the four-handed championship; and while at Harvard, from which university he graduated last June, he won the lawn tennis championship at that place. Mr. Sears has one qualification necessary for a good tennis-player, namely, a temper which apparently nothing can disturb; and while this has doubtless won him many a hard-fought match, it has certainly gained for him an unbounded popularity, not only among those whom he has met on the tennis field, but also among all who have come within the influence of his sunny disposition. Mr. Sears is destined for the profession of the law.



THE OLD COURT-HOUSE, ALBANY.

THE OLD CAPITOL IN ALBANY.

By FREDERIC G. MATHER.

At the time of the Revolution the old stockades of Albany had been extended both to the northward and to the southward of their earlier limits. Close by the original South Gate, on the northeast corner of Broadway and Hudson Avenue (we prefer to use the modern names of the streets), was the old Stadt Huis, or Court-house. This dingy yellow brick building—without positive record as to its origin—had long been used as a public hall, court-house, and jail. In front of it stood the pillory and whipping-post; while within its walls had been confined many a prisoner for debt, many a British sympathizer, and many a convict under sentence of death for burglary, incendiarism, or the passing of counterfeit Spanish dollars.

To share a building with such forbidding surroundings came the government of the State of New York in 1797. In that musty building Livingston and Lansing were Chancellors; Jay, Morris, Lansing, Lewis, and Kent were Chief Justices; and Van Vechten and Metcalf were District Attorneys. Here Alexander Hamilton's eloquent protest against the common law of libel did not save Harry Croswell, but it forced the enactment of the law as it now stands. Here the Sedition laws were abolished, and here Philip Schuyler had his revenge upon Burr by succeeding him in the United States Senate.

The Albany of that time was solidly built no more than half-way up the State Street hill, and the extent along the river-bank was scarcely half a mile. A few of the streets were paved with cobble-stones, while the Rutten Kill and other creeks flowed down through the very heart of the city. The shad and herring fisheries flourished, and transportation was figured by the "skippers" at so much for a barrel of rum as the unit of measurement—a bushel of wheat serving as the unit in these more modern and degenerate days. The battles between the wide and the narrow sidewalks had just been fought, and the community was stirred to its depths by the decree of the Council that gutter-spouts should not project over the walks. The old Dutch Church cumbered the ground at the junction of State Street with Broadway, and all about it stood loads of hay waiting for purchasers. Market-houses were then located in Broadway, near Maiden Lane, and in State Street, about half-way up the hill. Eliphalet Nott, D.D., was preaching in a new Presbyterian church in South Pearl Street until, in 1804, he accepted the presidency of Union College, with almost the same breath that he delivered an oration upon the life and death of Alexander Hamilton, son-in-law of the gallant Peter Schuyler, whose death was recorded in the same year. Aaron Burr had already left the more humble abode in James Street to occupy the mansion in Washington Avenue—now the Fort Orange Club—where, in an upper room, he plotted against the life of the individual and the State.

From the first occupancy of the old Stadt Huis by the State it was evident that the quarters were too limited to be shared for State, county, and city purposes. Therefore, in 1804, a law was passed entitled "An act making provisions for improving Hudson River below Albany, and for other purposes." This was a very common form of wording the titles of bills in those days, when "an act to supply New York city with pure and wholesome water" meant also the incorporation of the Manhattan Bank in the said city. The bill, among the "other purposes," provided that the State should pay $10,000 toward the erection of a new building; that the Stadt Huis should be sold, and the proceeds applied thereon; that the city and county of Albany might raise $6000 between them to supply deficiencies; and that—as was common at that time as a means of raising money for colleges and schools—certain managers of lotteries should also raise $12,000 for the same general purpose. The Commissioners for the erection of the new building were John Taylor, Daniel Hall, Philip S. Van Rensselaer (then and for several years afterward Mayor of Albany), Simeon De Witt, and Nicholas Quackenbush. The old Court-house was sold for $17,200, and matters had so far progressed that the corner-stone of the State-house was laid on the 23d of April, 1806. The Albany *Register* ("published by John Barber, printer to the State, at Faust's Statue") has nothing to say about this interesting local event, although one may read in its columns very savage things about the Federalists, and also speculations as to the Presidential prospects of De Witt Clinton, of New York, John Langdon, of New Hampshire, and James Madison and James Monroe, of Virginia. The *Daily Advertiser* of April 23, however, has this brief note:

> "On Wednesday, the 23d of April, the corner-stone of the State-house was laid by Hon. Philip S. Van Rensselaer, in presence of the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the corporation, State-house Commissioners, and other citizens. The site on which this edifice is to be erected is at the head of State Street, on the west side of the public square. It is to be built of stone, one hundred feet by eighty, on an improved plan embracing much elegance with great convenience and durability."

Of course the new building, like all public buildings, cost several times the amount of the original estimate. In 1814, on their final accounting, the Commissioners took the one per cent. of moneys expended, as allowed them by law. These expenses footed up as follows, according to certain papers accompanying the Message of Governor Clinton in 1819:

Paid by the State	$73,485 42
Paid by the City	34,200 00
Paid by the County	3,000 00
Total	$110,685 42

Thus we see that the five Commissioners devoted themselves to the interests of the State for a space of ten years, and received therefor the munificent aggregate of $1100, or $22 each for every year of service! Verily that was a day of small things, as compared with the phenomenal expenditures upon what is known as "the New Capitol."

The new structure was called the State-house, until, in 1809, the Legislature decreed that it "shall hereafter be known as the *Capitol.*" "Pinkster Hill," the twin of "Arbor Hill," was the name by which the knoll selected for the Capitol had been called for many years. Hither had flocked the slaves at every Easter-week of merry-making to decorate their booths and shambles with wild honeysuckle or May-apple—a custom that was forbidden by the Council of the city after the Capitol was built. As a preparation for more sightly approaches to the new edifice the State ordered the corporation of Albany to clear the scrubby pine and huckleberries from the hill, and grade the same as the Commissioners of the Capitol should direct. The approaches must have been bare enough for many years—the elm striplings, now giant trees, affording no protection from the scorching rays of the eastern sun.

The building is an oblong—90 feet upon the eastern or main front, and 115 feet on the side. The bare expanse of wall upon the longer sides is broken by no retreating or projecting masses, save the throwing up of a gable in the centre. The sky-line is sharply delineated with a "hip roof," out of the centre of which arises a cupola—Ionic and Doric combined—surmounted by a dome holding a statue of Themis. In front the sombre walls of Nyack freestone are relieved by window trimmings and an Ionic portico, in tetrastyle, of gray marble from the Berkshire hills. It shakes the observer's faith in the fathers to discover that the forty-foot columns are merely veneers of marble upon piers of brick, and that they have been reeded, instead of fluted, in order to make the deception more easy. The entablature of this portico of great pretensions is of wood, and the pediment (in the *tympanum* of which the State arms have, very properly, never been placed) is of the same ignoble material. The *acroteria* which seem to promise so much have never held the statues for which they waited so long, while the apex of the pediment supports an urn, also wooden, and totally innocent of decoration.

Whether the architecture is correct or not, let others dispute. It was orthodox enough when it was built. We may interest ourselves in the quaintly carved doorways upon the north and south sides, the strangely proportioned round-topped windows in the story above, the mural ornaments with flowers and fruits still one story higher, and the half-moon windows in the gables which overlook all these specimens of stone-work handed down from a day when carving was in its infancy on this side of the Atlantic. The sun-dial upon the southeast corner must claim our notice, the weather-beaten and storm-eaten bequest of a stone-cutter to the State when Simeon De Witt was Surveyor-General, in 1823. Nor must we overlook the iron "dogs" that have remained in the imposing Ionic columns of the portico ever since that day in 1825 when they supported a temporary platform on which Lafayette received his numerous visitors. As a whole, the exterior of the building remains precisely as it was originally built, save that the rear, or western, wall was moved outward about twelve feet in 1854. This wall contains a tablet with the following inscription:

ERECTED
Pursuant to a law of the State
passed March, 1804.

PHILIP S. VAN RENSSELAER, Mayor.
ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, Recorder.

JOHN TAYLOR, P. S. VAN RENSSELAER,
SIMEON DE WITT, DANIEL HALE,
Commissioners.

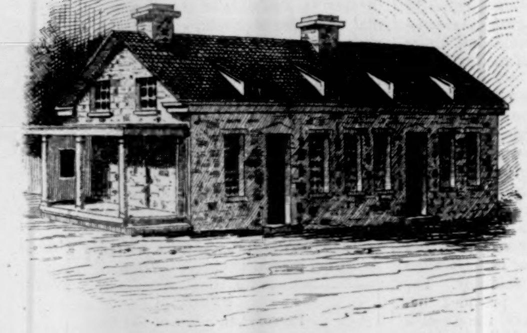
Anno 1807.

From the steps of the eastern or main front Governors Seymour and Fenton received regiment after regiment at the mustering out in the stormy days of 1863–5. Covered by this lofty portico, many a political orator has harangued the crowd below; while within the round-topped doorway was the imposing hall or vestibule which offered an open space fifty-eight feet long and forty feet wide, before the front corners were taken into two of the adjoining rooms. As it originally stood, this hall—with its squares of Italian pavement and its double row of Etruscan columns—was a noted place for political gatherings. Here a great throng listened to the eloquence of Henry Clay; and here, upon the broad landing of the stairway, Seward took the gubernatorial oath from Walworth, last of the Chancellors. No room in the State of New York—and perhaps no room in the country—can tell so many and such interesting stories of political adventure and intrigue as the Executive Chamber in the southeast front of the building. A single window of large proportions is all that either of the outer sides can show, while the inner sides are occupied with heavily cased doors. An old-fashioned fire-place in the corner is all that remains to relieve the plain surroundings. Yet from within these walls Tompkins prorogued a Legislature lest it should incorporate the Bank of North America; Clinton, criticised for holding so many offices in his grasp, first proclaimed an annual Thanksgiving, fought the "buck-tail" braves of Tammany, sustained himself against Talcott and all others who denounced his "personal politics," vindicated his canal policy, refused cabinet positions, and died in the traces, because his duty was to the people of New York; Yates, with equal honors, divided the terms of Clinton; Van Buren rested but a year on his way to the cabinet, the Vice-Presidency, and the Presidency; Throop declared that, of all parties, the Jacksonian Democrats alone conserved the public good; Marcy, bosom friend of Van Buren, protested against the era of speculation which brought on the panic of '37, while he guided the "Albany Regency" through the prosperous days that carried Butler into Jackson's cabinet, made Van Buren the successor of Jackson and, in later years, made himself Polk's Secretary of War and Pierce's Secretary of State; Seward, first triumph of the Whigs, commenced a national career. Bouck, Wright (nominated to pull Polk through), Young, Fish, Hunt, Seymour, Clarke, King, Morgan ("the great War Governor"), Fenton, Hoffman, Dix, Tilden, Robinson, and Cornell—all of these distinguished Governors occupied the Executive Chamber in turn.

Since 1831—the date when the city and county of Albany sold their rights in the building to the State—the Adjutant-General occupied the corner room directly opposite the Executive Chamber, and from this head-quarters went forth the orders that put New York troops in line for the Mexican war and for the war of 1861–5. Closely connected with this room are the names of Dix, King, Pruyn, Townsend, Read, Hillhouse, Sprague, Irvine, Arthur, Merritt, and Marvin.

The original Senate-chamber was a room in the southwest corner of the building, 50 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 28 feet high, the galleries being lighted by a row of windows above. In this box-like apartment the Senate of 1823 refused to confirm Governor Yates's nominees for Judges because they were "suspected of political heresies." The Senate, however, did not hesitate to appoint the State officers after a "Legislative caucus." Here also took place the bolt of "the seventeen Senators" in 1824, which resulted, first, in the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency, and finally in giving the election of Presidential electors over to the people—a movement that led to the machinery of nominating conventions.

After the removal of the city and county courts and offices to the new City Hall, in 1832, the Senate occupied the front room in the upper story—a chamber 50 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 22 feet high to the springing of a shallow dome. Chancellors Kent, Lansing, Sanford, and Walworth, and a host of legal lights, had already made a name for this room ere their departure. In one of the anterooms General Hull had been placed on trial for the surrender of Detroit, while in other of the anterooms the newly accommodated



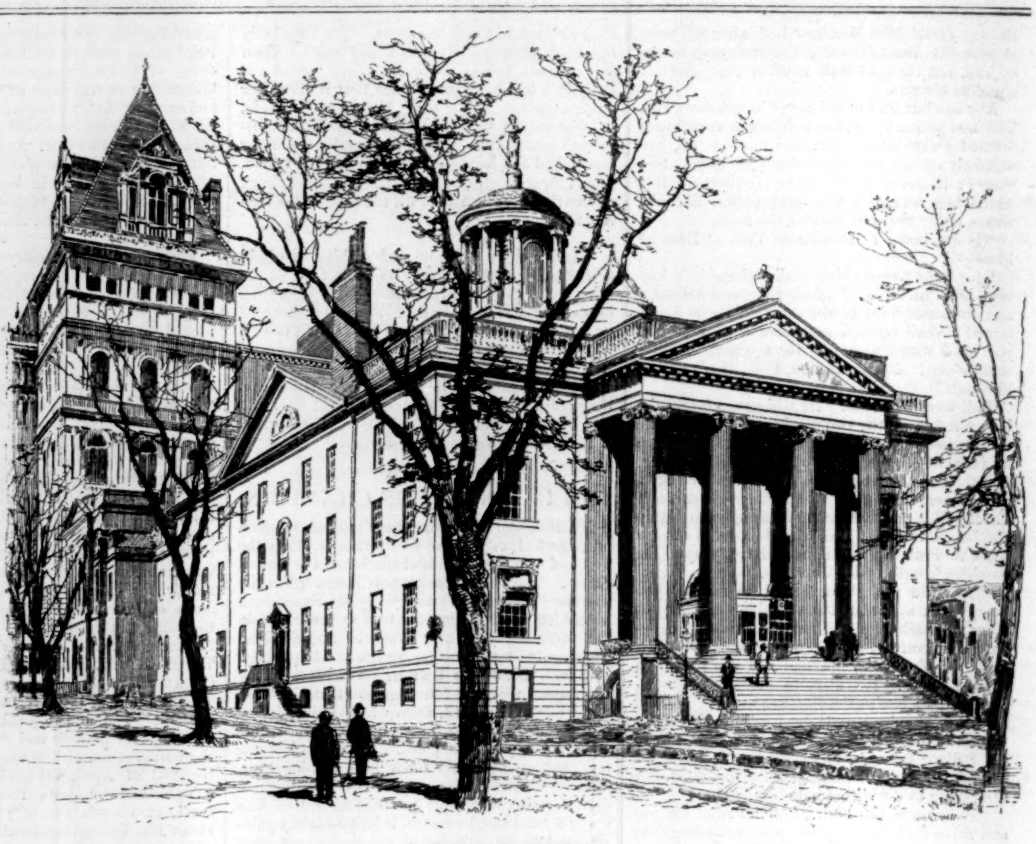
OLD SENATE-HOUSE AT KINGSTON.

Senate stored its library, or prepared the nucleus of the larger library belonging to the State. Within the chamber raised platforms served for galleries. The President's desk was placed against the northern and afterward against the southern wall. The huge wooden columns that supported the shallow dome were removed in time; and the portraits of GEORGE CLINTON and CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS beamed serenely upon the Senate whether angry, moody, or apathetic.

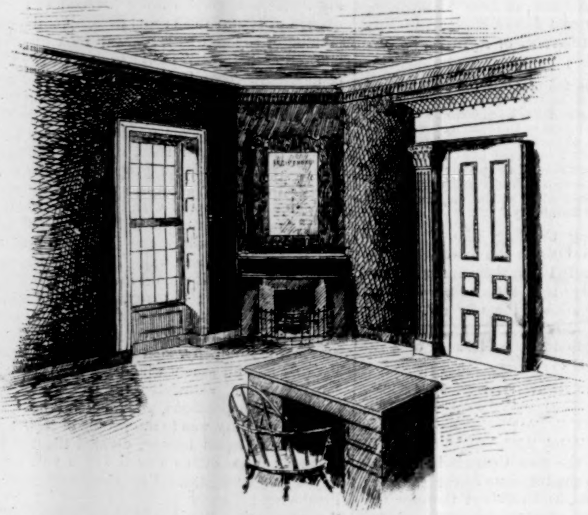
To relate the anecdotes that might be told of great men—or of little men fancying themselves great—who sat within the Senate-chamber would fill a volume: how TWEED'S dark deeds were appropriately compassed in the dark corner of the room; how MORRISSEY spent the major part of the time in pacing the corridors, with a cigar for his companion; how the lights were turned down upon a certain namable Senator while he slept an inebriated sleep in his chair, and on awaking, in the middle of the night, inquired, "Well, Tom, how's this?" and how the stenographer palmed off to a sobered Senator as his own a speech that some one else had delivered, and ordered written out in "long hand," but which had never been called for.

The Assembly-chamber—56 feet broad, 50 feet deep, and 28 feet high—occupies the northwest corner upon the first floor. It was for its day rather above the average of public rooms, with the double rows of windows at the north, the longer windows at the west, the high gallery, the Pompeiian frescoes, the scarlet canopy over the Speaker's desk, and the mural clock, which showed the time in the Senate-chamber also. The desks of the members were built in sections, like those of back-country supervisors—when they have any. Even the Speaker for many years had no office but his hat, and the Clerk had no accommodations besides the pigeon-holes in his desk. The meetings of committees were held in the private rooms of their chairmen, and those chairmen frequently read their reports from the Clerk's desk. The members then remained over Sunday, and they often met in evening session, each with a candle at his desk. No one of them ever thought of doing otherwise than going to the Comptroller for his pay, and to the city post-office for his mail.

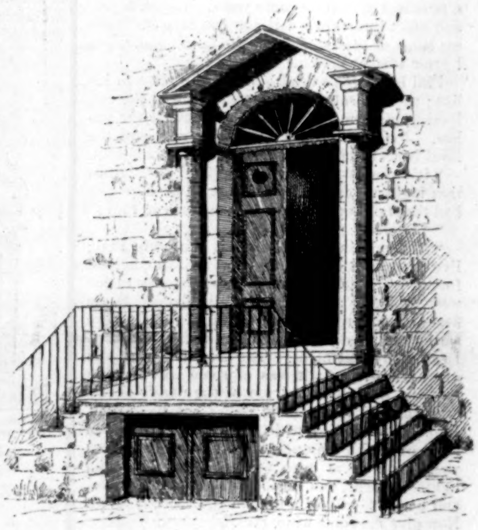
No brief sketch like this can do justice to the many reminiscences that linger round the old Capitol, which henceforth will live only in name. It has been ours to sketch its history with a hasty hand. Whose shall it be to write of the history and ruins of the Capitol which takes its place; and what shall he write?



THE OLD CAPITOL.

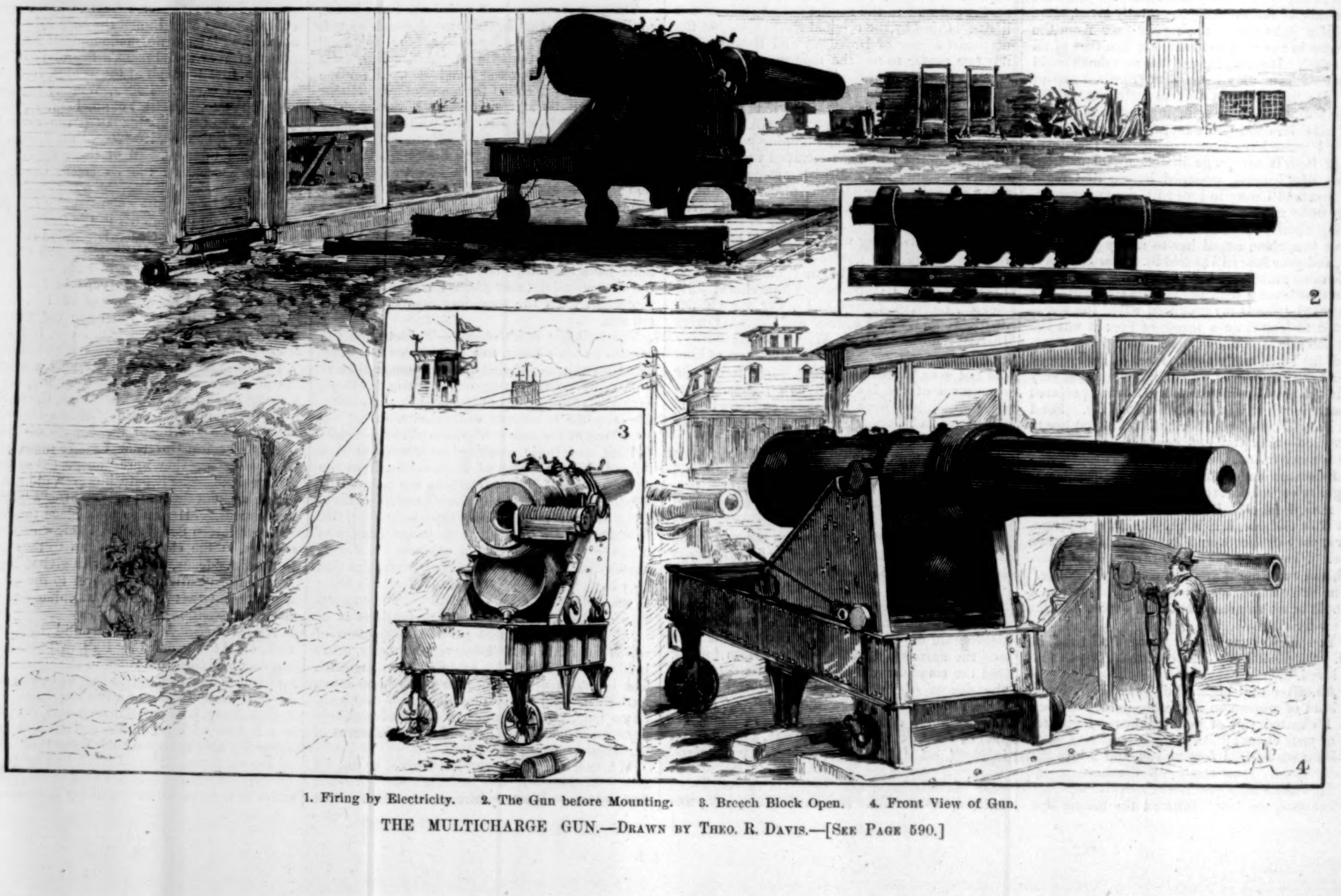


THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.



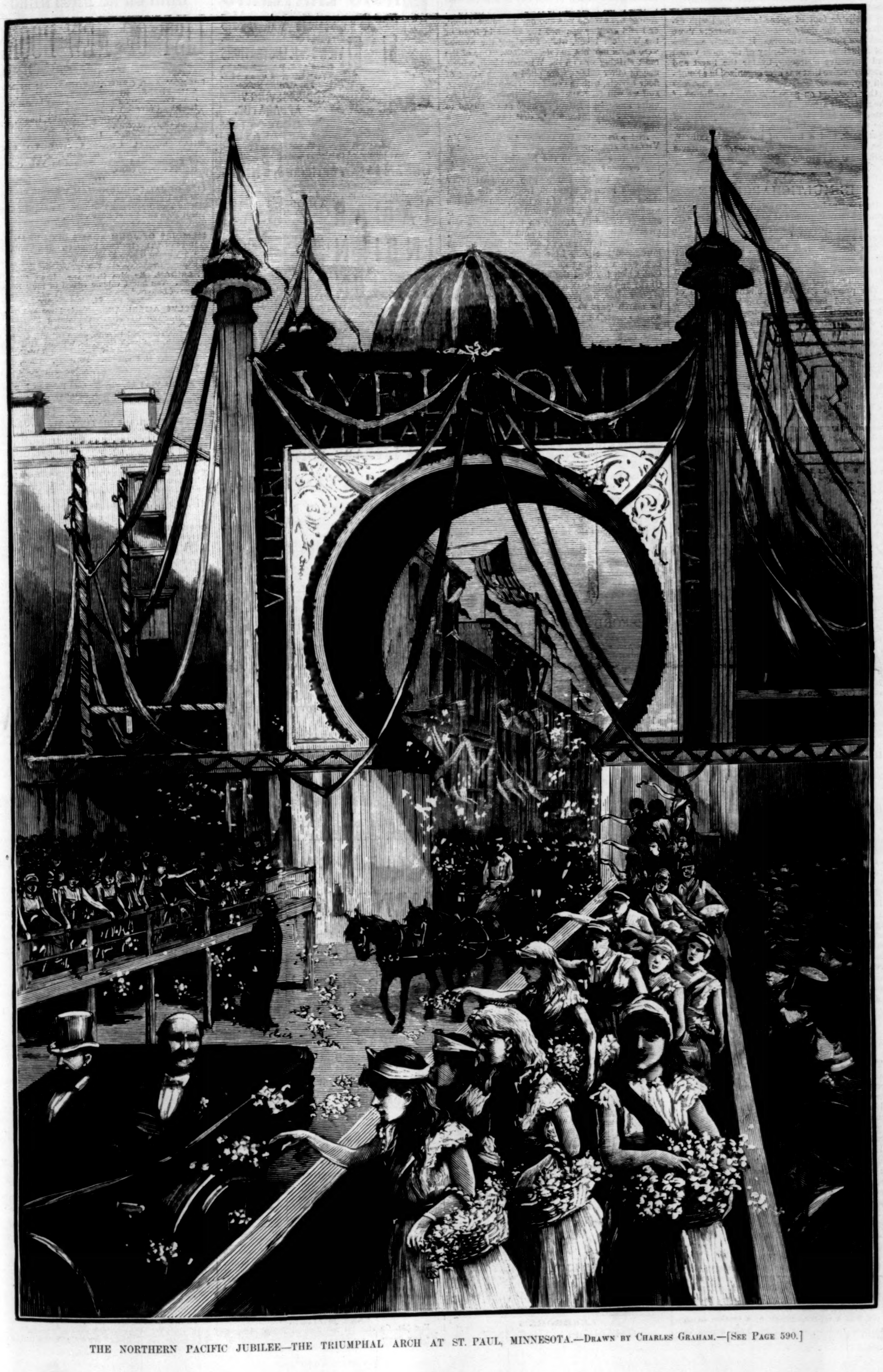
ENTRANCE: SAME ON NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES.

THE OLD STATE CAPITOL IN ALBANY.—FROM SKETCHES BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



1. Firing by Electricity. 2. The Gun before Mounting. 3. Breech Block Open. 4. Front View of Gun.

THE MULTICHARGE GUN.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 590.]


WELCOME
VILLARD VILLARD
VILLARD
VILLARD

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 590.]

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

It is gratifying to learn that the Louisville Exposition is now in the full tide of success. Every available foot of space is occupied with exhibits, and the daily attendance averages more than five thousand visitors. It is really a splendid industrial and art display of the most varied and attractive character, by far the finest and most extensive that was ever organized in a Southern city.

Our sketches on page 580 afford a glimpse of the tastefully arranged art gallery, in which many interesting and valuable works are displayed, of the admirable model farm, a scene in the beautiful park, and a train of the electric railway. The latter is in constant operation, and attracts multitudes of patrons.

THE MULTICHARGE GUN.

Curiosities in ordnance are the rule at the government testing ground at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and the Lyman-Haskell six-inch rifle is a unique example both in appearance and theory.

The inventor, J. R. **Haskell**, has labored for twenty years to perfect the piece. His previous experiments, with guns of small calibre, were not of an entirely satisfactory character.

The present gun, an admirable example of foundry and machine-shop work, was shipped from the Scott Foundry, of Reading, Pennsylvania, in July. Before mounting the gun at Sandy Hook it was found necessary to increase the weight of the breech by means of a re-enforce, in order to obtain a more perfect balance upon the trunnions.

The principle of the gun is to burn an unusual quantity of powder, and by dividing the charge to avoid excessive strain at any single point in the bore of the piece. The steel shot has a length of three diameters, and its base is fitted with brass in which is worked a series of grooves intended to take the rifling closely. This, together with the sabot, of several thicknesses of sole-leather, which is used between the shot and the cartridge, will, it is believed, prevent the escape of gas and flame, which would probably ignite the pocket charges in front instead of in the rear of the advancing shot.

Congress has appropriated the liberal sum of $30,000 to defray the expenses of experiment, and Mr. **Haskell** proposes to devote some time to preliminary work before making any special public exhibition of the gun.

At first the eighteen or twenty pound breech charge—varying the size of grain—will be used, and the result noted upon pressure gauges. The breech charge and the first pocket will then be used, and so on until the four accelerating charges are brought into action.

Mr. **Haskell** expresses entire confidence in the ultimate success of his piece, and if his hopes are realized, there can be little question as to the difficulty of constructing a ship that will float the armor necessary to resist a bolt which strikes at anything less than an acute angle. The service charges for ordnance used during the late war have been doubled and quadrupled for experimental purposes. A shot recently fired from a fifteen-inch smooth-bore let daylight through a foot thickness of iron, which was solidly backed by two feet of timber.

Mr. **Haskell** thinks that he can increase the length of his shot to five diameters, or thirty inches. Urged along by more than a hundred pounds of active powder, such a projectile would be practicably irresistible.

In all trials of ordnance at the testing ground great care is taken to prevent accident. The guns are fired by electricity from a convenient sunken bomb-proof, and a massive screen of timber is rolled between the piece and the building used as offices and laboratory. Frames strung with wires are placed at certain intervals in front of the piece, and an automatic register of rapidity of flight is obtained electrically.

In the abandoned granite fortification near by are antiquated eight-inch Columbiads whose carriages have rotted away and fallen to pieces, as useless as the guns themselves in this day of ponderous rifles. A few 100-pounder Parrott rifles mounted on iron carriages are ready for service, but they are in a masonry-work, from which any one who has "been there" during a bombardment would gladly escape to a sand-bank or a gopher hole.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The 3d of September was a day of festivity in the beautiful city of Minneapolis. The announcement that Mr. **Villard** and his guests would stop there on their way to witness the driving of the golden spike on the Northern Pacific Railroad caused the citizens to make great preparations to give their visitors a hearty welcome and fitting reception.

For several days people were busy fashioning mottoes and designing and executing novelties in the way of decoration; and when the hour of noon arrived all the business houses in the principal thoroughfares were lavishly adorned with emblems, flags, and mottoes. At the intersection of Nicollet Avenue from the First National Bank across to Harrison Hall was a representation of a section of the Northern Pacific Bridge over the Missouri River at Bismarck, with a miniature train of cars upon it. Between the bank block and the Johnson block across the alley, facing the Nicollet House, was an accurate representation of the Minnehaha Falls, the water falling over and through a mass of evergreen. Across Hennepin Avenue, at the intersection of Washington Street, was a representation of a section of the Manitoba viaduct, now being built across the river at Minneapolis, and over which, on leased tracks, the Northern Pacific trains will run from the eastern terminus in this city to connect with the St. Louis boats at the landing down the river. Across the avenue was another magnificent arch, and still another spanned the street in front of the Windom block, while all along the avenue were novel mottoes and decorations. One of the most striking was on the Windom block, where, among other things, were piled a huge stack of flour barrels, with the motto: "Give us the wheat, and we will feed the world." But it would require more space than we have at command to describe all the decorations that gave the city a holiday appearance.

About half past one carriages containing Mr. **Villard** and his guests, preceded by mounted police, were driven to the Nicollet House. As the company alighted they were greeted with cheers by the thousands who occupied every available inch of space in front of the grand stand erected in front of the hotel, and filled the windows of the adjoining buildings. The appearance of President **Arthur** on the platform was greeted with round upon round of cheers, and when General **Washburn** stepped forward and introduced Secretary **Lincoln**, the vast audience gave him a greeting no less demonstrative than that which followed the appearance of Generals **Grant** and **Sheridan** a moment later.

Soon after, the procession, as arranged, began its march past the grand stand. First came wagons containing reminders of the early days of Minnesota, representative Indians, some seated in birch-bark canoes, log cabins, early-day stagecoaches, and the inevitable "prairie schooner," containing an immigrant and his family, with their possessions. Then came a wagon filled with baggage, representing the early days of the express business. After these came models, complete to the minutest details, of the Washburn and Pittsburgh mills, and wagons containing machinery from the mills. The lumber interest was represented by a number of wagons, the first containing a large log, unhewn and unsawed, and the last a house in process of erection. Many of the vehicles containing machinery were arranged with leather bands attached to the hubs of the wheels, so that the machinery was kept running during the entire parade.

The festivities of the day were concluded by a very pleasant though hurried banquet at the Hotel Lafayette, on the banks of Minnetonka Lake, tendered by the City Council of St. Paul. The party had remained but a short time in the latter city in the morning. An immense procession greeted their arrival at the railway station, and cheered the party with great enthusiasm when the train departed for Minneapolis.

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Prof. Adolph Ott, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, during an ocean passage. In most of the cases, the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."—[*Adv.*]

LAWN TENNIS.

Mr. Sears, the Champion Player, in his match with Pettitt this morning, will use one of Peck & Snyder's new "Standard" racquets.—*Casino Bulletin*, August 25th, 1883.—[*Adv.*]

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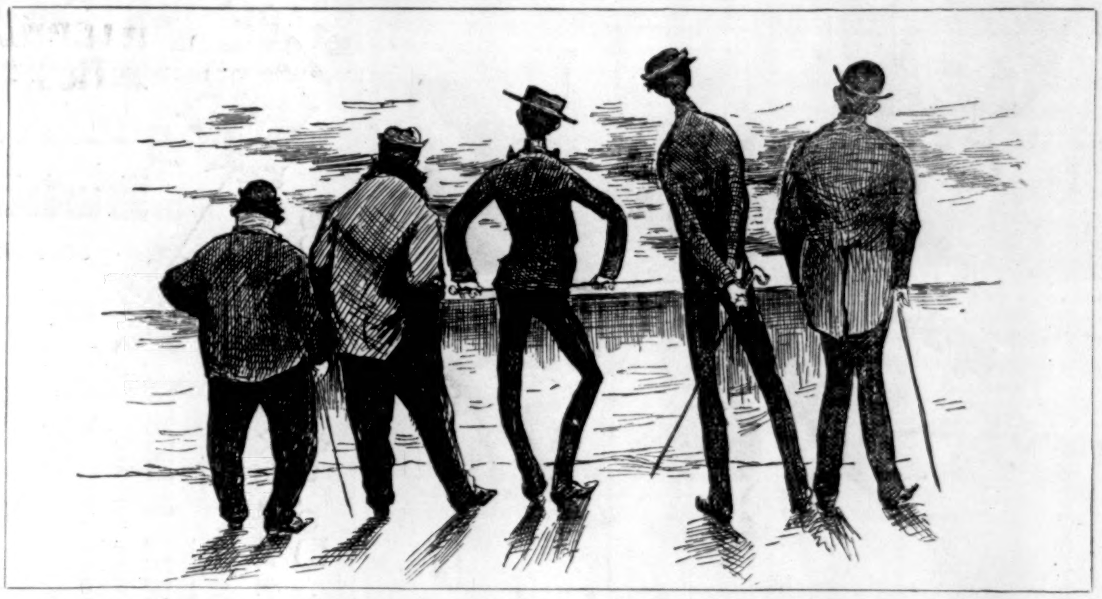

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